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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, delivered at the Royal Institution in 1830 and 1831. By James Montgomery, author of "The World before the Flood," "The Pelican Island," &c. 8vo. pp. 394. London, 1833. Longman, Rees, and Co.

The volume before us is of a kind which is especially required in the present day. Our imaginative treasures have so accumulated on our hands, that it is necessary to measure them, and tell of their height and depth, so that their value may be known, and their worth be made precious in our eyes. Criticism—generous, warm, appreciating criticism—is at once a want and a duty. It should be written in that same spirit which induced Marmontel's observation, that in the loveliest solitude there needed some one unto whom to say, "Solitude is sweet;" or, to use (to-day) a more familiar image, that same spirit which prompts children to call each other to the window, that all may enjoy the May-morning groups of chimney-sweepers dancing along with their tinsel garlands and green boughs,—the desire that others may participate in their pleasures. A favourite author has long been a solitary delight; passage after passage has grown familiar to our memory; we make discoveries; we find out new beauties; we become more penetrated with the author's meaning; admiration is warmed into enthusiasm; we desire to lead others by the path which ourselves have shaped out; and we wish them to arrive at the same result, and that our beloved writer should be theirs also. Mere appreciation is, however, insufficient for publicity. We need to reflect on our feelings; and reflection leads to analysis; and to analysis is at once to correct and justify our enthusiasm. The fault of our now-a-days criticism is, that it is too entirely periodical; we must say for ourselves, that we try to do our best, and to be as just and as generous as we can; and it sometimes happens, that the subject before us awakens previous and digested trains of thought; but we feel and own that no journal can do all that criticism ought. We cannot pass over the opinion we must express at once; we cannot go back upon the works which have yielded us the greatest delight: all we can do, and all we hope to have done, is to forewarn, with tolerable accuracy, the public's future opinion—to bring forward if possible the beauties of a work, or, if the blemishes be paramount, at least to point them out in reason, not in malice—and to bring to bear on each subject those general opinions of truth and taste, which a long course of examination may perhaps permit us to have formed. Mr. Montgomery's work is, on the contrary, one of time and thought. His qualifications for the task, no one will, we think, dispute; his own pages are the best proofs of his taste, of his ear for harmony, and of his right to judge of others, who has himself done so well; and, above all, he is imbued with the deepest love of his art. Some of the lectures which are here printed

we heard him deliver, and bore testimony at the time to the mind and the feeling which he embodied in the most powerful or graceful language; and the work before us is altogether worthy of such promise—it is full of truth and beauty. Universality is what his taste most wants; it has been cultivated in a severe and peculiar school: but then nothing unworthy is held up to admiration, and the models are of the highest order. We leave our readers to draw their own conclusions from the following selections—only, we are sure, they will agree with us in bestowing upon them the most cordial praise.

Music.—"When, indeed, music awakens national, military, local, or tender recollections of the distant or the dead, the loved or the lost, it then performs the highest office of poetry—it is poetry, as Echo in the golden mythology of Greece remained a nymph, even after she had passed away into a sound."

Action in Sculpture.—"The Laocöon and the friezes of the Parthenon are trophies of ancient prowess in this perilous department, which, instead of being the despair, ought to be the assurance of hope to adventurers in a later age and colder clime, among a people more phlegmatic than the gay Greeks or the spirited Italians. When a new Pygmalion shall arise, he will not be content to say to his statue, with the last stroke of the chisel, 'Speak,' but he will add, 'Move.'"

Interesting Conversion.—"Two Mongol-Tartar chiefs, from the borders of China, some years ago came to St. Petersburg, to acquaint themselves with the learning and arts of Europeans; bringing this recommendation, that they were the best and most sensible men belonging to their tribe. Among other occupations, they were engaged to assist a German clergyman, resident in that city, in a translation of St. Matthew's Gospel into their native tongue. This work was carried on for many months, and day by day they were accustomed to collate, with the minister, such portions of the common task as one, the other, or all three, had completed; in the course of which, they would often ask questions respecting circumstances and allusions, as well as doctrines and sentiments contained in the book, which, to be faithful interpreters, they deemed right to understand well for themselves beyond the literal text. On the last day, when the version was presumed to be as perfect as the parties could render it, the two ssaings (or chiefs) sat silent but thoughtful, when the manuscript lay closed upon the table. Observing something unusual in their manner, their friend inquired whether they had any questions to ask. They answered, 'None;' and then, to the delight and amazement of the good man—who had carefully avoided, during their past intercourse, any semblance of wishing to proselyte them—they both declared themselves converts to the religion of that book. So they proved in the sequel; but with that part of the history, though exceedingly interesting, we have not to do at present. One remark which the elder made, and the

younger confirmed, has caused this reference to them. He said, 'We have lived in ignorance, and been led by blind guides, without finding rest. We have been zealous followers of the doctrines of Shakhshamani (the Po of the Chinese), and have studied the books containing them attentively; but the more we studied, the more obscure they appeared to us, and our hearts remained empty. But in perusing the doctrines of Jesus Christ, it is just the contrary; the more we meditate upon his words, the more intelligible they become; and at length it seems as if Jesus were talking with us.'"

With what simple truth is imaginative on-looking to the future from infancy, expressed in one brief phrase—"When I am a man!" is the poetry of childhood; "exquisitely contrasted with memory—"When I was a child!" is the poetry of age."

Nice Preference.—"Do you like poetry?" said the Frenchman to his friend. "O yes!" replied the other, "next to prose!"

Dr. Darwin.—"Dr. Darwin has splendidly exemplified the effects of his own theory, which certainly includes much truth, but not the whole truth. Endued with a fancy peculiarly formed for picture-poetry, he has limited verse almost within the compass of designing and modelling with visible colours and palpable substances. Even in this poetic painting he seldom goes beyond the brilliant minuteness of the Dutch school of artists, while his groups are the extreme reverse of theirs, being rigidly classical. His productions are undistinguished by either sentiment or pathos. He presents nothing but pageants to the eye, and leaves next to nothing to the imagination; every point and object being made out in noonday clearness, where the sun is nearly vertical, and the shadow most contracted. He never touches the heart, nor awakens social, tender, or playful emotions. His whole 'Botanic Garden' might be sculptured in friezes, painted in enamel, or manufactured in Wedgwood ware. 'The Loves of the Plants' consist of a series of metamorphoses, all of the same kind,—plants personified, having the passions of animals, or rather such passions as animals might be supposed to have, if, instead of warm blood, cool vegetable juices circulated through their veins; so that, though every lady-flower has from one to twenty beaux, all flighted and favoured in turn, the wooings and the weddings are so scrupulously Linnæan, that no human affection is ever concerned in the matter. What velvet painting can be more exquisite than the following lines, in which the various insects are touched to the very life?—

'Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold-eyed plumage furl,
Bow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Giltier, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthen'd threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with warbled shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells.'

In such descriptions Darwin excels, and his

theory is triumphant; but to prove it of universal application, it must be put to a higher test. In the third canto of the 'Botanic Garden,' part 2, there is a fine scene—a lady, from the 'wood-crowned height' of Minden, overlooking the battle in which her husband is engaged. As the conflict thickens, she watches his banner shifting from hill to hill; and when the enemy is at length beaten from every post—

'Near and more near the intrepid beauty press'd,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm, her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run, they run!'
'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe, the battle's won!'
A hail now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wing'd it, and some demon guides),
Parts her fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains!

Every syllable here is addressed to the eye; there is not a word for the heart; the poet himself might have been the bullet that shot the lady, so insensible is he of the horror of the deed."

We really feel more for the heroine's clothes than for herself.

The Poetry of minute Description.—"The fashionable as well as the familiar poetry of the present day sparkles with fanciful yet true descriptions, of which the subjects are in general among the most obvious, and yet the least-noticed circumstances, recurring every day and every where. The brilliant parterres of Miss Landon's enclosure, on the south of Parnassus, where ideas, like humming-birds, are seen flying about in tropical sunshine, or fluttering over blossoms of all hues and all climes; and the home meadows of John Clare, the Northamptonshire peasant, whose thoughts, like bees, are ever on the wing in search of honey from 'the meanest flower that blows'; are equally productive of these 'curiosities of literature.' A specimen from the latter (as less known of the two) will shew to what perfection the art of making much of a little has lately been carried.

The Thrush's Nest.

'Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a mole-hill large and round,
I heard, from morn to morn, a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy;—and oft, an unintruding guest,
I watch'd her secret toils from day to day,
How true she warp'd the moss to form her nest,
And model'd it within with wood and clay.
And by the by, like hoath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue;
And there I witness'd, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.'

John Clare.

Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a 'Thrush's Nest,' so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

'no more difficult
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

but let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand, either at a bird's nest, or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other."

Juvenile Poetry.—"The authors of these small volumes—'Original Poems,' 'Rhymes for the Nursery,' and 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' have indeed deserved well of their country, and long will their humble but admirable productions continue to bless its successive generations. Though even in these they shewed themselves qualified to indite for persons of larger growth, and entitled to claim high poetic honours, yet the fair and modest writers, for they were of the better sex, condescended to

gather flowers at the foot of Parnassus to wreath the brows of infancy, instead of climbing towards the summit to grasp at laurels for their own. I say, they condescended to do this, because it is hard for the pride of intellect to forego any advantage which might set off itself before the public. To most poets, it would have been no small annoyance to be confined to the nursery and playground, and sing to please little children, when they might command the attention of men; for children, however they may be delighted with the song, pay no tribute of applause to the minstrel; but when they are charmed with a beautiful idea in a book, feel and express the same simple and unmixed pleasure as when they gaze upon a peacock, or listen to the cuckoo. It never enters into their unsophisticated minds to attach merit to the bestowers' of such blessings. The sense and the desire of enjoyment are born with them, but gratitude and veneration they must be taught. Hence, there is little temptation, except the pure impulse to do good,—to compose works of any kind for the amusement of those who neither flatter the vanity, nor reward the labours, of their benefactors. The contributors to the volumes in question willingly sacrificed ambition, and were content to clothe Truth in language so clear and pure, that it should appear like a robe of light shining from heaven around her, to reveal her beauty and proportions, and thus attract the eye that rolled in darkness, and the feet that wandered in error before. How successfully they have effected their purpose, may be shewn by three brief stanzas; which also prove, what I have been most anxious in these papers to establish, that verse, in its diction, may be as unadorned and inartificial as prose, yet lose nothing of the elegance and grandeur of poetry. The attribute of Deity called omnipotence is, perhaps, as difficult to express otherwise than by that one emphatic word, as any other subject that can be imagined. A thousand illustrations might be more easily given, than one distinct idea of it. I may be mistaken; but I do think that the nearest possible approach has been made to it in the last of the following lines. A child speaks:—

'If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Even there I could not be alone,—
On every side there would be God.'

This is a child's thought in a child's words; and yet the longer it is dwelt upon, the more impressive it becomes, till we feel ourselves as much in the presence of Deity, as within the ring of the horizon, and under the arch of heaven, wherever we go, and however the scene may be changed. Eternity is another indefinite and undecipherable thing. Hear a child's notion of it, and I am sure the wisest in this assembly will not be displeased with it:—

'Days, months, and years, must have an end;
'Eternity has none—
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first began.'

The very impotence of language is sometimes the strongest expression of the sentiment to be conveyed. Here, when words break down under the weight of the thought, how natural and touching is the apostrophe in which the infant mind takes refuge from the overwhelming contemplation! Can I be wrong in wishing that he who now utters, and all who hear it, may be able to adopt the prayer?—

'Great God! an infant cannot tell
How such a thing can be:—
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with Thee!'

"The Themes of Poetry.—It is an affecting

consideration, that more than half the interest of human life arises out of the sufferings of our fellow-creatures. The mind is not satisfied alone with the calm of intellectual enjoyments, nor the heart with tender and passionate emotions, nor the senses themselves with voluptuous indulgence. The mind must be occasionally roused by powerful and mysterious events, in which the ways of Providence are so hidden, that the wisdom and goodness of God are liable to be questioned by ignorance or presumption, while faith and patience must be silent and adore:—the heart must sometimes be probed by sympathies so rendering, that they only fall short of the actual agony to which they are allied;—the senses cannot always resist the undefinable temptation to yield themselves to voluntary torture. Among the crowds that follow a criminal to execution, is there one who goes purely for the pleasure of witnessing the violent death of a being like himself, sensible even under the gallows to the inconvenience of a shower of rain, and covering under the clergyman's umbrella, to listen for the last word of the last prayer that shall ever be offered for him? No;—some may be indifferent, and a few may be hardened, but not one can rejoice; while the multitude, who are melted with genuine compassion, nevertheless gaze, from the earliest glimpse of his figure on the scaffold to the latest convulsions of his frame, with feelings, in which the strange gratification of curiosity, too intense to be otherwise appeased, so tempers the horror of the spectacle, that it can not only be endured on the spot, but every circumstance of it recalled in cool memory, and invested with a character of romantic adventure. Can any sorrow of affection exceed in poignancy the anguish and anxiety of a mother watching the progress of consumption in the person of an only son, in whom her husband's image lives, though he is dead, and looks as he once looked when young and yet a lover—the son, in whom also her present bliss, her future hopes on earth, are all bound up, as in the bundle of life? No: there is a worm that dies not in her bosom, from the first moment when she feels its bite, on discovering the hectic rose upon his cheek, that awakens a thousand unutterable fears,—not one of which in the issue is unrealised,—till the last withering lily there, as he lies in his coffin, with the impress on his countenance of Death's signet, bearing, even to the eye of love, this inscription,—'Bury me out of thy sight!' Yet, of all the pangs that she has experienced, there is not one which she did not choose even for its own sake,—she would not be comforted!—there is not one which she would have foregone for any delight under heaven, except that which it was impossible for her to know—his recovery; and while she lives, and while she loves, the recollections that endear him to her happiest feelings are heightened almost to joy in grief, by the remembrance of how much she suffered for him."

How Pleasure grows out of Suffering.—"Let us take a signal instance to illustrate the general argument. It is twice seven years, or nearly so, since the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales and her new-born offspring—the former the most beloved person in the realm; the latter the heir of the greatest throne in the world, though it lived not long enough to receive even a name to be inscribed upon its coffin; so uncertain are the destinies of man, when most absolutely decreed by himself or his fellow-mortals. On that occasion the grief of the public was deep, sincere, and lasting; but who can doubt that the interest—using the word in its favourite sentimental

sense—who can doubt that the interest excited by these events was transcendently more sublime and affecting than would have been awakened by the loss of the same personages under circumstances less excruciating to the common feelings of humanity, or less fatal to the fond expectations of a generous people? In proportion to the agony was the interest, and in proportion to the interest was the enjoyment, by those who bore a part in the universal affliction. There was enjoyment in remembering and repeating, in tones of regret, the virtues and graces of the daughter of England,—there was enjoyment in making a Sabbath of the day of her burial,—enjoyment in listening to pious improvements from the pulpit of the sovereign dispensation of Providence,—enjoyment in mingling tears and lamentations with the whole British people, at the hour when her relics were laid in the grave,—enjoyment in composing and perusing the strains of eloquence and poetry that celebrated her glory and her fall,—and there was enjoyment in every recollection of her name, after the bitterness of death had passed away, and her memory had been silently enshrined in hearts where it had been fondly hoped that she would one day be enthroned."

The following assertion we quote only to deny its truth. The author is speaking of our five greatest poets.—Southey, Campbell, Wordsworth, Scott, and Moore.

"In a word, it may be doubted whether one of the living five (for Byron is now beyond the reach of warning) has ever yet done his very best in a single effort worthy of himself (I mean in their longer works), by sacrificing all his merely good, middling, and inferior thoughts, which he has in common with every body else, and appearing solely in his peculiar character,—that character of excellence, whatever it may be, wherein he is distinct from all the living and all the dead;—the personal identity of his genius shining only where he can outshine all rivals, or where he can shine alone when rivalry is excluded. Till each of the survivors has done this, it can hardly be affirmed that he has secured the immortality of one of his great intellectual offspring: there is a vulnerable part of each, which Death with his dart, or Time with his scythe, may sooner or later strike down to oblivion."

Now, if Scott's *Marmion*, so exact a picture of the times, so imbued with its own peculiar and martial spirit; if the *Lady of the Lake*, with its natural beauty, and its active romance; if Byron's *Sardanapalus*, the most magnificent morality that destruction ever taught to the palace and its pleasures; if *Manfred*, a whole world of gloom raised from the chaos of one man's mind; if Moore's *Melodies*, which embody every pulse of their feverish period;—if these be not whole, and immortal, there are no works in our tongue that may feel secure.

We must add, that the remarks on modern literature are all tinged with an unnecessary tone of alarm. Of the lectures themselves we can speak with unqualified praise—taste, feeling, and grace, are their characteristics; and well does this volume deserve a near place to these works whose beauties are so worthily illustrated. We equally commend and congratulate Mr. Montgomery on the result of labours, whose recompense has been already, but which we trust will now take another form—the favour of the public. In our next we shall resume the subject.

Transatlantic Sketches; or, a Visit to Scenes of Interest in North and South America, and the West Indies. With Notes on Military Affairs, Negro Slavery, and Canadian Emigration. By Captain James Edward Alexander, 42d Royal Highlanders, F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1833. Bentley.

IF Captain Alexander will repeat his travels, why, we must repeat our remarks. When his Russian and Crimean tour appeared, in 2 vols. 8vo. in 1830, we referred to his quarto trip from India to England, published in 1827; and in these words (see *L. G. No. 710*, p. 560)—they are "slight in substance, but a 'plain and interesting account' of the cursory observations he could make on such a Mazeppa-like journey. We added, 'where there was nothing to be told, he has told nothing; where preceding travellers had exhausted the lions, he has not been tedious; and where there really was anything to observe and record, he has communicated his views in a pleasant and gentlemanlike manner.' On the present occasion we may repeat our words; for these new volumes resemble the old one in every respect. In May, 1829, the author sailed for Hamburg; and in little more than nine months he was back in London, with his two octavos, having traversed, as he tells us, 'through fire, frost, and plague,' part of Germany, the Baltic, a considerable portion of Russia, the south coast of Crimea, the seat of the war then waging between Russia and Turkey, Russia (again, as a prisoner), Finland, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Holland, the Netherlands, and the north of France!! He is a very human Puck, and will put a circle round the earth in (say) eighty minutes. Well might Dr. Busby write,

'When enquiring objects men pursue,
What are the wonders that they cannot do?'

Per ardua experti, indeed;—if Captain Alexander does not become the greatest of all travellers that ever travelled, it will be in vain to quote the proverb, that practice makes perfection."

The practice has been diligently persevered in; for we have here two more volumes of voyages and travels in the "Western Hemisphere," of which the author says—

"I spent some time among the planters of the coast of Guiana, and made inquiries into the state of slavery, and the present state and future prospects of this valuable colony. I also penetrated into the interior, and saw Indian life on the banks of the mighty streams which descend from the Andes, and under the shade of the primeval forest (almost) untrod by the foot of the European. I collected in 'the Bush' many particulars regarding the wandering tribes in the South American wilderness, and paid some attention to the animate and inanimate productions in general which are here so different from those of the Eastern Hemisphere."

"Perhaps I ought not to confess that these volumes were written, and about sixteen thousand miles were accomplished, (in the spirit of the motto of my people),

'Per mare, per terra,' [qy. *terram*?]

by flood and field, in the space of a twelvemonth. Some will exclaim, 'What solid information can we expect from one who hurries over so extensive a range of travel?' To this I answer, 'that I had very quick voyages to and from the New World. To South America, three weeks; from North America, sixteen days; and I was equally fortunate among the West India Islands. I halted a month, a fortnight, or three days, at various places, according to circumstances; and

my senses of hearing and seeing being continually on the alert, I did all in my power to make up for the want of a longer acquaintance with the people and scenes I have attempted to describe. I therefore trust I will [shall] not be censured for venturing to put forth these tomes."

We must own this is smart work. Nearly 1340 miles a-month, or forty-five miles a-day on an average, is steady and rapid travelling: we poor sedentary creatures are quite astonished at the feat. But then two volumes is a moderate result; and if the Captain journeyed fast and far, he has certainly the merit of not tiring us, as he must bodily have done himself, by writing much and long. The second volume treating almost entirely of the United States, we shall address ourselves to the first, which touches on many places and things of a popular character, in a manner which the following extracts will exemplify.

Guiana furnishes, perhaps, the fittest illustrations.

"I often wished (says Capt. A.) that some of those who think that ere long the world will be overpeopled, and that we shall shoulder one another off it, or into the sea, could view the vast solitudes of Guiana, and reflect that nearly the whole of the interior of the South American continent, though capable of supporting billions of inhabitants, is as yet almost entirely in the keeping of nature. The cultivation in British Guiana is now confined to two hundred miles of the coast, and the same may be said of South America generally."

The natural productions of this country are possessed of extraordinary interest, and our traveller masses them in glowing pictures; but we must individualise. First, an anecdote:—

"A stout negro, belonging to a friend near Stabroek, brought in from the bush two rattlesnakes in a box; he seemed to have completely subdued them by intimidation, and after a time he would let them out in the verandah, and they would return to him at his call. One day they were missing, and the negro's master going to an out-house, saw them coiled up under the step of the door; he was a long time imprisoned, but at last plucked up courage and sprang into the open air over them. The negro went out with his box to catch them: 'Ah! you damn rascal, you go way! Get in house this minute,' said Quaco, and the reptiles obeyed him! Sometimes he would irritate his pets, and they would bite him in the hand; then he would run out to the high grass near the house, and rub the wound with a plant, the name of which he would not reveal, for his fellow-slaves looked on him with great respect for his being a snake-charmer. At last, on one occasion, he got drunk, began handling the snakes, they bit him, he neglected to apply his antidote, went to the field to work, and in a short time was a bloated corpse. I have seen the cobra di capello, or hooded snake of India, caught in my garden; have watched the snake-charmer with feathered turban sitting beside a hole under the hedge of prickly pear, and piping on a rude musical instrument made from a gourd, and a bit of looking-glass in front of it; unlike 'the deaf adder,' the head of the cobra would soon appear above ground, as if listening to the wild strains, and his eye attracted by the dazzling glass. An assistant would be ready to catch him behind the neck, would draw forth his yellow and writhing length, and without extracting the poisonous fangs, would slip him into a covered basket, muttering the usual curse of 'Hut Teré!' Next day the charmer would return, place his basket on the ground,

sit on his haunches before it and pipe, the lid would rise, and the subdued snake come forth, partly coil himself up, and move his head to the music, and ever and anon display his spectacled hood, or hiss when the charmer approached his hand. The assistant would go behind and hold up the reptile by the tail, then he could not do injury; but if a fowl were to be thrown at him, it would be dead in a few minutes. What I have said of tame rattlesnakes is less surprising than the feats of oriental snake-charmers with the cobra."

Again:—

"The perai or omah, is deservedly dreaded by the swimmer in the Guiana waters. It is two feet long, and its teeth and jaws are so strong that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious; for the Indians say that it will snap off the breast of a woman, or one of the extremities, with the greatest ease. The genus *silurus* is very remarkable, for the young swim in shoals of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who at the approach of danger opens her mouth; they rush in, and she swims off with her progeny to a place of safety. The *loricaria calithys*, or *assa*, constructs a nest on the surface of the pools from the floating blades of grass; in this it deposits its spawn, which are hatched by the sun. In the dry season this singular fish, however incredible it may appear, has been dug out of the ground in the broad savannahs; for it burrows in the rains, owing to the strength and power of the spine and gill-fin, and the body being covered with strong plates. Far below the surface it finds moisture to keep it alive till the rain again converts the plains into shallow lakes."

"The fish called *wurureema* (a *tetrodon*), though only three inches in length, resembles the bush-master of the woods, for it not only disdains to retreat before man, but inflicts a bite of the most deadly poison. When first taken out of the water it blows itself out like a ball. Lastly, I shall notice the *raua paradoxa*, or frog-fish, perhaps the most singular production of Guiana: first a fish of five inches long; then, gradually assuming legs, and losing its tail, it becomes a frog of a pea-green colour, leaves the water, and emits a melancholy note before rain."

Of the decline of the population, notwithstanding these and other treasures,* the author speaks in a melancholy strain:—

"It is (he says) a very painful reflection, that although the colony annually pays the

protectors, for presents, provisions, postholders' salaries, &c. about 3000*l*. in order to induce the Indians to remain in British Guiana, yet the office of postholder has been so shamefully abused, that the Indians are yearly and rapidly decreasing in numbers. In the Coromantyne negro rebellion of 1793 and 1794, eight hundred Carib warriors took the field to suppress it. Scarcely fifty can now be found in Demerara; nine-tenths of the Arrawaks which then existed exist no more; half the Accaways and half of the Wurrows have now disappeared. The Indians have rendered signal services to the colony, but neither have pains been taken to preserve them, nor has their welfare been at all promoted. No charge of corrupt dealing can be brought against the protectors, who are generally highly respectable gentlemen; but their indifference to the interests of the red men cannot be excused; and really the system which has existed in British Guiana for forty years, compared with that in Columbia, with respect to the Indians, makes one blush for one's country. The reasons why the administration of Indian affairs ought immediately to be changed, are these important ones:—First, on the score of humanity; at present the Indians near the coast imitate the vices of the Europeans and contract their diseases, and no arm is stretched forth to save them from the utter destruction, bodily and mental, which is about to overwhelm them. Secondly, on the score of interest; if the colony is again attacked by a foreign foe, the negroes would probably rise in rebellion if there are no Indians to keep them in check; the regular militia will be obliged to succumb to the invader; the honour of the British arms will be tarnished, and the rich South American colonies lost. The change recommended to be made is simply this. One active, zealous, and responsible superintendent of Indians, with an adequate salary, instead of six unpaid protectors. Steady half-pay officers as postholders; annual Indian fairs, and the formation of Indian communities. To conclude, 'our policy is simple, and the danger to be avoided is great.'"

The author relates a canoe expedition of another gentleman up one of the rivers, when a glorious cataract, called Cumarrow, was visited; but we select a notice of Indian manners.

"One evening they heard a man howling in the woods; they landed, and found an Arrawak Indian swinging in a hammock between two dead bodies on each side of him, also in hammocks; he swung his hammock from side to side, and thus caused the dead also to swing, and all the while he uttered the most distressing cries. On inquiring what was the matter, he said that the corpses were those of his two brothers, who had just died from injuries they had received from an unfriendly tribe which had passed up the creek in the night; but no wounds were apparent on the bodies, and they were taken down and laid on the ground. The surviving brother then cut thorny twigs, and beat the bodies all over, uttering at the same time, 'Heia, heia,' as if he felt the pain of the flagellation; he then took the grease of a hog just killed, and anointed the mouths and faces of the dead, grunting all the while, when, seeing that it was impossible to reanimate the lifeless clay, he opened the eyes and beat the thorns into the eye-balls, and all over the face. It was a dreadful sight, but it evinced how deeply the poor Indian felt the loss of his brothers, and the rude means he took to restore animation. At last he was persuaded to bury them: a mat

was thrown over them, the grave filled up, and strewn with leaves."

As an eye-witness of their comforts in Demerara (as well as in the West India Islands), our author proclaims the comparative happiness of the negro race held in slavery. Here is one of his holiday pictures in the former colony.

"Every where as we passed through the different groups in the garden, the white teeth were displayed in a smile, and 'How do, massa? Ready for dance, massa!' was heard. The picanninies, black and mischievous as monkeys, were 'scurrying' about, running between their parents' legs, laughing loud, and tumbling one another head over heels on the grass. At last a drum is heard in the gallery, and the negroes take possession of the house; two or three musicians then seat themselves in chairs, and with fiddle, tambourine, and drum, strike up some lively jigs, at the same time thumping the floor vigorously with their heels. Every one is alive; short cries of mirth are uttered by the men as they hand out their sable partners; and they lead one another up and down the lane of the country dance, with as much enjoyment as I have ever witnessed at a Highland wedding. The little black urchins, boys and girls, are not idle round the room, whilst their parents are 'tripping it' in the centre, but copying their elders, they 'cut and shuffle' at a great rate; the mothers, with children at their breasts, alone quietly enjoy the scene."

Outside the house, in the moonlight, a musician seated himself with his drum on the grass, and commenced singing an African air, when a circle of men and women, linked hand in hand, danced round him with rattling seeds on their legs, and joined in the chorus. Oh! how I wished that some of the kind ladies of Peckham could have contemplated for five minutes this scene of mirth! could have beheld what they are pleased to call 'the naked, starved, and oppressed negroes,' well clothed, plump, and full of glee: instead of shrieks of misery, could have heard shouts of laughter; and instead of the clang of the whip, could have heard the lively music of the fiddles and the gladsome songs of the creole dancers."

Among the settlers in the woods whom Captain A. visited, was an eccentric countryman of the name of Frazer, of whom he gives a curious account.

"With Frazer I visited the logie of Wallabanari, an Arrawak chief; traversed the gloomy forest, or paddled our canoe in the dark creeks. Sometimes we made the woods resound with the martial music of the pipes, or on the beams of a logie competed with the Indians in gymnastic exercises; then induced them to play their rude flute of bamboo, or simple viol with three strings, and enjoyed their dance, performed by three or four men clapping one another with their arms, advancing, retreating, pirouetting, and stamping the ground with their heels, to the song of 'Na, na, na!' We came to an elevated and cleared spot, on which were three deserted logies: here a tragedy had been enacted which caused the Indians to desert a place of evil omen. At a Pigwarry feast an Arrawak had been killed in a moment of irritation, and the murderer, a *Pei-man* (or sorcerer), was sentenced by the tribe to be shot by the nearest relative of the murdered man, after digging his own grave. With this latter part of the sentence he complied, and was led out to execution; when left alone, he suddenly sprang into the forest; one man fired at him and missed him, and dreading his spells he sickened

* *Et. gr.* "Nourished in hot swamps is the mighty *camoudi*, aboma, or *boa*: he drags his great bulk to the edge of his favourite marsh, and lies in wait for the passing deer, or even the wandering Indian; suddenly he twines round his victim, breaks the yielding bones of his prey (writhing in helpless agony), covers it with saliva, and slowly gorges the prepared morsel. But far more dreaded by the red man is the *conacoushi*. Waterton, the prince and paragon of wanderers in desert places, enthusiastic as a naturalist, and peerless as a preserver of birds, of this formidable snake beautifully says, 'Unrivalled in his display of every lovely colour of the rainbow, and unmatched in the effects of his deadly poison, the *conacoushi* glides undaunted on; sole monarch of these forests, both man and beast fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path.' The *conacoushi* is better known by the name of bush-master; I saw one twelve feet long, and his general appearance was that of the head of the ugliest toad on the foul body of a serpent. The Indians avoid this monster by means of their dogs, sent in advance to warn their masters of the bush-master's occupying the path; but I have also been made aware of the vicinity of a poisonous snake by the strong musky odour left by it in its progress through the herbage. The *labarri* is nearly as poisonous as the *conacoushi*, and is sometimes killed in Stabroek. No object can be conceived more horrid than this reptile: when irritated, every scale rises from its body like the feathers of a cock, the eye sparkles with malignant ire, and the open jaws show the long fangs ready to dart the venom into the shrinking limb."

and died. Under the floor of one of the logies were the graves of the murdered Arrawak and the bad marksman. As we were proceeding leisurely with the stream on another occasion, I said to Frazer, 'You must have met with a number of strange adventures, and seen many strange sights in your wanderings?' 'Yes,' said he, 'particularly when I used to visit the Oronoco, to procure the laurel oil, so famous for the cure of chronic rheumatism. I went principally by water from Stabroek to Angostura, not by way of the coast, but by the numerous rivers that intersect all parts of Columbia south of the Oronoco. We made short portages from one river to the other, the Indians carrying the canoe and the baggage on their heads. I was twice bit by labarri snakes. I cut round the wounds, and one of them still gives me pain. One of my dogs was bit by a labarri in the head; the labarri-plant was at hand—I rubbed the root of it into the wound, and there is the dog alive and well. You see Antonio there, a Spanish Indian, in the bow of the canoe; well, he and myself, and a few others, once went up the Apoori, a branch of the Oronoco, to look for turtle's eggs, and on that expedition we saw a very strange sight, which might not be believed at home—and I don't like to tell it to every one.' 'Don't hesitate to tell it me, Frazer. I have seen sights myself that I don't like telling, as I would rather have a character for veracity than be considered one who has seen wonders, and is fond of doing them full justice in the narration; but communicate freely, and I'll reciprocate.' 'Well, then; we went up the Apoori and came to the sandbank where the nests were, and whenever there was a smooth part of the sand we dug down eight or nine inches, and commonly found five-and-twenty eggs, with a soft shell like parchment. After procuring as many as we wanted, we dropped down the Apoori and got into the Oronoco, broad and deep, and bordered by heavy forests. We were passing a spit of sand on a clear afternoon, when we saw a large cayman, ten feet long, asleep on the sand, at the distance of a few feet from the water's edge. We approached in the corrial to shoot the monster in the eye; but, as we neared him, a spotted jaguar was seen to issue from the edge of the forest, and stole towards the alligator, creeping with his belly on the ground like a cat preparing to surprise a bird. We drew off to see what would happen. The leopard made a sudden spring on the cayman, and they both disappeared in the river in a cloud of spray and foam. The cayman did not reappear, but the nimble jaguar soon rose to the surface, blowing with his exertion; sitting on his haunches, like a dog, on the sand, he licked himself for a few moments, and recovering his breath, he again plunged into the river like a Newfoundland dog. Up he came again; still no cayman was seen, though the water was much agitated, and air-bells rose to the surface. At last, after a third dive, he dragged the alligator on the sand in a dying state. We wanted to secure them both, and fired away all our powder and ball at the jaguar, but he just sat looking at us, grinning, and growling as we fired, and we were obliged to move off; but next day we got the dead cayman, but don't know what became of his conqueror. No part of the cayman had been eaten; perhaps a ball may have spoiled the jaguar's appetite.' 'Yes, or perhaps he had attacked the cayman merely through natural animosity, like the ichneumon the snake.'

With this, which almost beats Waterton, and equals Munchausen's crocodile and tiger, who

choked each other, we shall, for the present conclude. *Pre-haps* in our next we may look in at Barbadoes and Cuba; but enough for the week has been supplied from the fertile shores of Guiana.

Mary of Burgundy; or, the Revolt of Ghent.
By the Author of "Darnley," "Richelieu,"
"Henry Masterton," &c. 3 vols. 12mo.
London, 1833. Longman and Co.

WE cannot hesitate in calling this decidedly the very best romance that Mr. James has produced. The mystery and the interest are alike well sustained, and the principal character delineated with a degree of dramatic power that marks those happier creations of the author, which stand out from the common run of fictitious heroes. Albert Maurice, the young burgher, is a noble conception, well filled up, and in good keeping with the time when the demarcations of society were so broadly drawn, and yet oftentimes so suddenly reversed. The period, too, is one of much attraction. The low countries have been our European nurseries of commerce and liberty; they were the first to break up the foundations of that great feudal system, which, growing at first out of the necessity for protection which the distracted state of Europe made necessary in the turbulence of its early darkness, became afterwards so intolerably oppressive, when peace had its claim as well as war. Trade brought wealth, which was power, and brought still more—a habit of enterprise. Men saw the necessity of protection for their gains: hence arose certain rights and privileges, wrung first from the weakness of some ruler, who looked not beyond the present—often revoked and often infringed, yet the precedent once established, became an authority for war. Freedom soon took a more extended view, and out of those civic immunities and commercial protections grew those ideas of man's unalienable rights now so well understood, and so generally insisted upon. These volumes present a most animated picture of the period, with its tumults and troubles, its forests swarming with freebooters, its nobles still looking upon themselves as earth's favoured ones, its burghers growing every day more conscious of their importance; and the one or two of higher-toned minds, who, inspired by patriotism, planned more important schemes for the benefit of their own native lands and towns. Such are the materials which have been wrought out with animation worthy of those stirring days; while the repose of so sweet and gentle a being as Mary of Burgundy is in excellent relief to the darker shadows of the picture. The ensuing passages may shew with what grace the embellishments are thrown in. We shall only premise that Albert Maurice is the young burgher, on whose talent and influence with his fellow-citizens most of the story turns.

"Every one knows that, in the early dawn of a Sicilian morning, the shepherds and the watchers on the coast of the Messina Strait will sometimes behold, in the midst of the clear unclouded blue of the sky, a splendid but delusive pageant, which is seen also, though in a less vivid form, amongst the Hebrides. Towers and castles, domes and palaces, festivals and processions, arrayed armies and contending hosts, pass, for a few minutes, in brilliant confusion before the eyes of the beholders, and then fade away, as if the scenes of another world, for some especial purpose, conjured up for a moment, and then withdrawn for ever from their sight. Thus there are times, too, in the life of man, when the spirit, excited by

some great and stirring passion, or by mingling with mighty and portentous events, seems to gain for a brief instant a confused but magnificent view of splendid things not yet in being. Imagination in the one case, and hope in the other, give form and distinctness to the airy images, though both are too soon doomed to fade away amidst the colder realities of the stern world we dwell in. The mind of Albert Maurice had been excited by the scenes he had just gone through; and success, without making him arrogant, had filled him full of hope. Each step that he took forward seemed but to raise him higher, and each effort of an enemy to crush him, seemed, without any exertion of his own, but to clear the way before him. Such thoughts were mingling with other feelings—brought forth by the sight, and the voice, and the smile of Mary of Burgundy, when the sudden call to her presence woke him from such dreams; but woke him only to shew to his mind's eye a thousand confused but bright and splendid images, as gay, as glittering, as pageant-like, but as unreal also, as the airy vision which hangs in the morning light over the Sicilian seas. Fancy at once called up every thing within the wide range of possibility—battles and victories, and triumphant success, the shout of nations and of worlds, the sceptre, the palace, and the throne, with a thousand indistinct ideas of mighty things, danced before his eyes for a moment, with a sweeter and brighter image, too, as the object and end of ambition, the reward of mighty endeavour, the crowning boon of infinite success. But still he felt and knew, even while he dreamed, that it was all unreal; and, as he followed the messenger with a quick pace, the vision faded, and left him but the cold and naked truth. At length, after passing through several chambers which flanked the hall of audience, the door of a small apartment, called the bower, was thrown open, and the young burgher stood once more before Mary of Burgundy. One of the most painful curses of high station is that of seldom, if ever, being alone; of having no moment, except those intended for repose, in which to commune with one's own heart, without the oppression of some human eye watching the emotions of the mind as they act upon the body, and keeping sentinel over the heart's index—the face. Mary of Burgundy was not alone, though as much alone as those of her station usually are: she stood near a window, at the other side of the apartment, with her soft rounded arm and delicate hand twined in those of one of her fair attendants—Alice of Imbercourt—on whom she leaned slightly, while the Lord of Imbercourt himself stood beside her on the other hand; and, with his stately head somewhat bent, seemed, with all due reverence, to give her counsel upon some private matter of importance."

How beautifully the next landscape is blended with human associations!

"It was towards that period of the year which the French call the short summer of St. Martin, from the fact of a few lingering bright days of sunshiny sweetness breaking in upon the autumn, as a memorial of the warmer season gone before. The sky was full of light, and the air full of heat; and the grand masses of high grey clouds that occasionally floated over the sun were hailed gladly for their soft cool shadow, although the day was the eleventh of November. Sweeping over the prospect, like the mighty but indistinct images of great things and splendid purposes that sometimes cross a powerful but imaginative mind, the shadows of the clouds moved slow over hill and

dale, field and forest. Now they cast large masses of the woods into dark and gloomy shade, and left the rising grounds around to stand forth in light and sparkling brightness, giving no bad image of the dark memories that are in every heart, surrounded but not effaced by after-joys. Now they floated soft upon the mountains, spreading an airy purple over each dell and cavity; while, pouring into the midst of the valley, the bright orb of day lighted up tower, and town, and farm, and hamlet, and village spire, as hope lights up the existence of man, even while the many clouds of fate hang their heaviest shadows on the prospect round about him. The harmonious hue of autumn, too, was over all the world. Russet was the livery of the year; and the brown fields, preparing for the sower, offered only a deeper hue of the same colour, which, though varied through a thousand shades, still painted every tree throughout the woods, and sobered down even the grassy meadows with a tint far different from that of spring. The sky, with the sunshine that it contained, was all summer; but the aspect of every thing that it looked upon spoke of autumn sinking fast into the arms of winter."

During a hawking party, Mary of Burgundy has been overtaken by a thunder-storm, and has, with her train, taken refuge in a small chapel:—

"This had continued for about half an hour, and still Alice of Imbercourt had remained gazing out upon the scene, as well as the old cavalier, who accompanied them as their principal attendant, when she suddenly exclaimed,— 'Good God! how extraordinary! there seems to be a thick cloud gathering upon the edge of the wood, and rolling up the hill towards us, and sweeping the ground as it comes. Holy Virgin! the lightning is flashing out of it like that from the sky! This is very terrible indeed!' 'Come back, Alice, I beseech—I entreat!' exclaimed the princess: 'you may lose your sight or your life—you are tempting your fate.' But Alice did not seem to hear, for she still continued gazing out from the door, although it was very evident that she now had also taken alarm. 'Now, gracious God! be merciful unto us,' she exclaimed; 'for this is the most terrible thing I ever saw! It is fast rolling up the hill!' 'Come away, lady, come away,' cried the old cavalier, seizing her by the arm, and leading her from the door; 'this is no sight to look upon;' and he drew her back towards the princess. Alice once more turned her head to gaze, and then, as if overcome with what she saw, she cast herself down upon her knees, throwing her arms around Mary, as if to protect her from the approaching destruction, exclaiming,— 'Oh, my princess! my princess! God protect thee in this terrible hour.' Mary's hand was very cold; but in the moment of great danger she shewed herself more calm and firm than her more daring companion. 'God will protect me,' she said, in a soft low voice, 'if such be his good pleasure; and if not, his will be done.' As she spoke, a tremendous flash illuminated the whole of the inside of the building, accompanied, not followed, by a crash, as if two worlds had been hurled together in their course through space. The eyes of every one in the chapel, it is probable, were closed at that moment, for no one saw the small door by the side of the shrine thrown open. But the first who looked up was Mary of Burgundy, and a sudden cry, as she did so, called the attention of all the rest. They instantly perceived the cause of the princess's surprise and alarm; for close

beside her, in the midst of the chapel, stood a tall powerful man, habited in the ordinary equipment of a man-at-arms of the day; with the unusual circumstance, however, of every part of his garb being of a peculiar shade of green; which colour was also predominant in the dress of half-a-dozen others who appeared at the door by the shrine. He gave no one time to express their surprise. 'Good God!' he exclaimed, 'do you not see the ground-lightning coming up the hill! Fly, fly for your lives, it will be over the chapel in a moment. Matthew, catch up some of the women. Karl, take that one that has fainted. Let the men follow me as fast as possible, and we shall soon be out of the direction it is taking.' So saying, and without further ceremony, he caught up Alice of Imbercourt in his powerful arms. One of his companions lifted the princess, and another raised the form of the young lady who had fallen from her horse in the morning, and whose terror had now cast her into a swoon; and, darting through the door by which they had entered, the Vert Gallant of Hannut and his companions passed out into that part of the forest which swept up to the back of the chapel."

They escape in perfect safety; but as they return, they again pass the chapel:—

"The scene that she there beheld was not a little awful. Three of the walls of the chapel, indeed, remained, but that was all; and the time-dried wood-work that had supported the tall conical roof, now lay on what had once been the floor, still blackened and smouldering, though the fire which had been kindled by the lightning was now half extinguished by the subsequent rain. The chapel itself, however, though it showed how terrible her own fate might have been, was not, perhaps, the most fearful object that the spot presented. The tall, majestic tree which had stood alone at a few yards in advance of the building, was rent to the very ground; and, amidst the shivered boughs and yellow leaves with which they were covered, lay motionless the beautiful horse that had been tied there, with its strong and energetic limbs—but a few hours before full of wild life and noble fire—now cold and stiff,—the wide expansive nostril, small and collapsed—the clear eye dim and leaden, and the proud head cast powerless down the bank. There are few things shew so substantially the mighty and awful power of death as to see a noble horse killed by some sudden accident. The moment before, it stands at the sublimest point of animal existence—as if the living principle were yielded to it in a greater share than any other thing,—and the next, it is shapeless carrion. 'Alas, the poor horse!' cried Mary, when her eyes fell upon the gallant beast lying stretched out beneath the tree: 'alas, the poor horse!' But, by a natural link of association, her mind speedily reverted to herself, and the fate she had so narrowly escaped; and, closing her eyes, while the litter was borne on, she spent a few moments in thankful prayer."

We shall conclude by repeating our commendation, and opinion that *Mary of Burgundy* is (and it is praise of a very high order) the most interesting and most sustained of Mr. James's already so popular historical fictions.

The Family Library, No. XXXVIII.

Murray.

This volume concludes Mr. Allan Cunningham's "Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects." It contains memoirs of Cosway, David Allan, Northcote,

Beaumont, Lawrence, Jackson, Liversidge, and Burnet. Of Cosway, Mr. Cunningham says,—and our recollections confirm the accuracy of the description,—

"In person, Cosway was small and well made; he had an important and bustling air; affected the polished gentleman, and the man who was the prince's friend; loved to be painted with a hat and feather on, and to be spoken of as an artist worthy of taking rank with Reynolds and Rubens. He long hesitated whether he should be buried in his native Devonshire, or be placed in the vault with Rubens at Antwerp. Humbler thoughts, however, came over him on hearing a sermon from Wesley, on death and the grave. He followed a funeral into the vaults of a London church, and seeing the gilt mountings, and the orderly way in which the coffins were arranged, said, 'I prefer this to Antwerp or St. Paul's: bury me here.' He was in his nature generous and kind. Mrs. Cosway said, the number of letters sent to him, requesting pecuniary aid, was incredibly great. He gave freely, and promised more. Borrowers who never repaid him, and sitters, from whom he never asked payment, formed a long and a not untitled list. His execution was rapid: he often finished miniatures at three sittings of half an hour each; and when he sat down to dinner, would boast that he had despatched during the day twelve or fourteen sitters. His knowledge of the human figure, as it appeared to the sculptors of old, and as he found it in life, was equal or superior to that of most of his contemporaries. His outlines were accurate and elegant; his manner was partly from the Roman school and partly from his own experience; and he considered it a beauty in his compositions, that they resembled more the deep sober hue of Italian painting, than the gaudy glow of that of England. As his miniatures are chiefly confined to the chamber and the cabinet, the works of Cosway are less widely known than they deserve. His fame is fading; such must be the fate of all who paint only the living faces around them, and seek not to embody sentiments familiar to the human heart, and which affect all mankind." The character of David Allan is thus summed up:—

"As a painter, his merits are of a limited nature; he neither excelled in fine drawing nor in harmonious colouring; and grace and grandeur were beyond his reach. He painted portraits—which are chiefly remarkable for a strong homely resemblance; he painted landscapes, but these want light and air; and he attempted the historical, but, save in one picture, 'The Corinthian Maid,' all his efforts in that way were failures. His genius lay in expression, especially in grave humour and open drollery. Yet it would be difficult, perhaps, to name one of his pictures where nature is not overcharged; he could not stop his hand till he had driven his subject into the debatable land that lies between truth and caricature. He is among painters what Allan Ramsay is among poets,—a fellow of infinite humour, and excelling in all manner of rustic drollery; but deficient in fine sensibility of conception, and little acquainted with lofty emotion or high imagination."

So much has been published respecting Northcote, that little was left for Mr. Cunningham to glean. The life of Sir George Beaumont afforded more novelty; and the memoir of that amiable and accomplished amateur, though it does not contain many striking incidents, leaves a very pleasing impression of him on the mind. In the memoir of Lawrence, with much already

known, matter. distinguish of an eas we believ "Ami had his then, and source of barked i purse, a good. I. tomers, as a wi while, to expensiv ment, c schemes tresses m deeply in when m it never of it was hills; a well-arr let it ne up in m eminent like some thousand to this acknow being a very in allowed year, an large sum The S for earn lead the rumour gaming—that cal dicates l "Th in our I strongly pletely o we may extravag Neither certain vulgar i A frien as well honoura was, du a sadde brighte to the was, wa allowed quate t desired to extri pressur and no to have influen cessant to atten of his p dered, land, t was the that, b called fortune the old the un

known, is mingled much new and interesting matter. For the constant poverty of this distinguished artist, Mr. Cunningham, in speaking of an early period of his life, thus kindly, but we believe most truly, accounts:

"Amid all his success and fine company he had his own vexations. Want of money was then, and continued to be, with Lawrence, the source of much unhappiness. His father embarked in speculations above his capacity and purse, and the deficiencies had to be made good. His money coming in, as luck sent customers, each sum was apt to be looked upon as a windfall, and squandered accordingly; while, to add to all, he loved to associate with expensive companions, and never, for one moment, carried into effect any one of those schemes of economy which his frequent distresses made him vow. He began the world deeply in debt—his father kept him poor; and when manhood came, and money poured in as it never before poured on any painter, a third of it was lost in the traffic of accommodation bills; another portion was lost for want of a well-arranged plan of domestic outlay;—and, let it never be forgotten, much was swallowed up in matters of charity, for he was at all times eminently generous. His money melted away like snow upon thatch, and dropped through a thousand invisible openings. He often alluded to this circumstance himself, and ingeniously acknowledged that he won much, and, without being a man of expense, spent it all. His poverty in early life is not to be wondered at. He allowed his father and mother three hundred a year, and subscribed a bond in addition for a large sum, part of which he actually paid."

The Scotticism in the foregoing passage (*won for earned*, an error repeated in page 213) might lead the English reader to believe that the rumours of Sir Thomas's devotion to the gaming-table were well founded. But from that calumny Mr. Cunningham perfectly vindicates him.

"That Lawrence gambled away his wealth in our London sinks of infamy was for a time strongly asserted; but this story has been completely disproved. To the testimony of friends we may add his own:—'I have neither been extravagant nor prodigal in the use of money. Neither gaming, horses, curricles, expensive entertainments, nor secret sources of ruin from vulgar licentiousness, have swept it from me.' A friend of his, who had a spirit of observation as well as abundant opportunity, says, 'With honours and wealth flowing in upon him, he was, during the last years of his life, a depressed, a saddened, and a failing man. His talent brightened, indeed, and his honours increased to the last hour; but the wealth, great as it was, was too little to meet the claims he had allowed himself to be involved in, and inadequate to afford his beneficence all his heart desired; and, it is a pain to know, too scanty to extricate him, at times, from an immediate pressure for money. He had many friends, and no real enemies; but it was his misfortune to have no confidential friend with ability and influence enough to do that for him which incessant occupation deprived him of all courage to attempt. To say that he carried the gains of his pencil to the gaming-table, and squandered, among the 'filth and fenelence of the land,' the price of works of beauty and talent, was then a gross calumny; but it is also true, that, by a species of generosity which may be called extravagance, he laid out much of his fortune on sketches, copies, and tracings, from the old masters—on drawings by the young or the undistinguished—and in presents to all

who came with tales of sorrow and distress. I mean not to blame his taste, or arraign his benevolence. Many of those sketches and paintings are of great value, and many of those whom he relieved by his bounty were worthy of his sympathy; but his eyes should have been opened wider on the sadness of his own condition, and he ought to have dedicated the fruits of his genius to the equally charitable task of rescuing himself from the punctual creditor and the ravenous money-lender. He had not the power to say nay, either for his purse or his pencil. A lady, who had been liberal in her invectives against him, requested him to make some change in the portrait of her mother after her death. A friend, on reading the request, said, 'Why should you waste your time on her; she who heaps many a scandal on you with witty and persevering malice?' He replied, with a smile, 'Oh, never mind; I know she does as you say; but nobody else can do what she wants, and I must do it for her;' and he did."

The anecdote at the close of the foregoing quotation is a fine specimen of generous and noble feeling. That Lawrence could paint with his pen as well as with his pencil, is evident from the following vigorous and faithful portrait of Lord Byron, extracted from his correspondence with Mrs. Wolfe:—

"Lavater's system never asserted its truth more forcibly than in Byron's countenance, in which you see all the character: its keen and rapid genius, its pale intelligence, its profligacy, and its bitterness; its original symmetry distorted by the passions; his laugh of mingled merriment and scorn; the forehead clear and open, the brow boldly prominent, the eyes bright and dissimilar, the nose finely cut, and the nostril acutely formed; the mouth well made, but wide, and contemptuous even in its smile, falling singularly at the corners, and its vindictive and disdainful expression heightened by the massive firmness of the chin, which springs at once from the centre of the full under lip; the hair dark and curling, but irregular in its growth: all this presents to you the poet and the man; and the general effect is heightened by a thin spare form, and, as you may have heard, by a deformity of limb."

We happen to know that the criticism on Lawrence's portrait of Lord Castlereagh which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and which Mr. Cunningham attributes to Peter Finnerty, was written by Haslit. Mr. Jackson's life was too regular and unvaried to furnish many materials to the biographer. Mr. Cunningham says of him—

"As a painter, his chief merits were truth of character and force of colour. In most of his portraits, however, he appears to have limited his views to an accurate image of the person; he is vigorous as far as flesh and blood give vigour, but neglects too much to inspire his heads with sentiment, or bestow upon them a visible capacity for thought; and it cannot be denied that he often has something of vulgarity about his vigour. He had uncommon readiness of hand—a rapid facility in finishing; his colouring is deep and clear. Some continue to speak of him as the ablest of the express followers of Reynolds; I should rather say, judging him by his best works, such as will keep their fame hereafter, that, in expression, Jackson occupies a place between the elegant detail of Lawrence and the manly generalities of Raeburn. In freedom and vigorous breadth of colour he more than approaches the first president of the academy."

Lord Dover's testimony to the merits of this worthy man is so creditable to both parties, that we must subjoin it.

"I never saw him so happy as when contemplating the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and he never lost an opportunity of purchasing his pictures, when, at a sale, the price came within his reach. In settling the prices of his own pictures, he was moderate even to generosity. The only difficulty I ever found with him was in persuading him to let me pay him for such works as he painted for me: he used to say, 'We will talk of that another time.' His knowledge and judgment of old pictures were considerable, and I bought several of those in my rooms by his advice. He had imbibed the purest taste in art from Sir George Beaumont, the best judge of pictures I ever remember. In private he could not be but beloved for his singleness of heart, and his simplicity and truth of mind; in all the relations, too, of domestic life he was exemplary, which is not surprising, when we reflect that his actions were regulated by a fervent sense of religion."

Of Liverseege and Burnet, of whose promising talents the world of art was so prematurely deprived, the sketches are necessarily slight. We will close our notice of Mr. Cunningham's clever and amusing volume with his character, as an artist, of Burnet.

"James Burnet had a fine eye, and an equally fine feeling, for the beauties of landscape: his knowledge of nature was extensive and minute; he had watched the outgoings and incomings of shepherds and husbandmen, had studied flocks and herds, and, as the memoranda which we have quoted shew, had made himself intimate with much that lends lustre to landscape. It was his custom, in country places, to watch the cows going to pasture or returning home; to look to the manners and practices of the cowherds; nor did he sometimes hesitate to loiter amongst the cottages, and observe through the lighted up windows the employments or amusements of the peasantry. To such feeling for the rural and picturesque, he added an excellent eye for colour; he could employ at will either the bold deep tones of Rembrandt or the silvery and luminous tones of Cuyp. To those who know the difficulty of guiding the eye from one extreme to another, this will be deemed great praise. He had considerable poetic feeling: there is nothing coarse or common in his scenes: his trees are finely grouped; his cows are all beautiful; they have the sense to know where the sweetest grass grows; his milkmaids have an air of natural elegance about them, and his cowboys are not without grace."

Captain Hall's Third Series of Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

[Second notice.]

WE resume only for a very short space our review of Capt. Hall, in order to carry on the connexion till we can conclude it in our next.

The gallant captain's description of a mosquito-bunt is worthy of his pen, as an excellent *raconteur*.

"The process of getting into bed in India is one requiring great dexterity, and not a little scientific engineering. As the curtains are carefully tucked in close under the mattress, all round, you must decide at what part of the bed you choose to make your entry. Having surveyed the ground, and clearly made up your mind on this point, you take in your right hand a kind of brush, or switch, generally

made of a horse's tail; or, if you be tolerably expert, a towel may answer the purpose. With your left hand you then seize that part of the skirt of the curtain which is thrust under the bedding at the place you intend to enter, and, by the light of the cocoa-nut-oil lamp (which burns on the floor of every bed-room in Hindustan), you first drive away the mosquitoes from your immediate neighbourhood, by whisking round your horse-tail; and, before proceeding further, you must be sure you have effectually driven the enemy back. If you fail in this matter, your repose is effectually dashed for that night; for these confounded animals—it is really difficult to keep from swearing, even at the recollection of the villains, though at the distance of ten thousand miles from them—these well-cursed animals, then, appear to know perfectly well what is going to happen, and assemble with the vigour and bravery of the flank companies appointed to head a storming party, ready in one instant to rush into the breach, careless alike of horse-tails and towels. Let it be supposed, however, that you have successfully beaten back the enemy. You next promptly form an opening, not a hair's breadth larger than your own person, into which you leap, like harlequin through a hoop, or, to borrow Jack's phrase, 'as if the devil kicked you on end!' Of course, with all the speed of intense fear, you close up the gap through which you have shot yourself into your sleeping quarters. If all these arrangements have been well managed, you may amuse yourself for a while by scoffing at, and triumphing over the clouds of baffled mosquitoes outside, who dash themselves against the meshes of the net, in vain attempts to enter your sanctum. If, however, for your sins, any one of their number has succeeded in entering the place along with yourself, he is not such an ass as to betray his presence while you are flushed with victory, wide awake, and armed with the means of his destruction. Far from this, the soundrel allows you to chuckle over your fancied great doings, and to lie down with all the complacency and fallacious security of your conquest, and under the entire assurance of enjoying a tranquil night's rest. Alas for such presumptuous hopes! Scarcely have you dropped gradually from these visions of the day to the yet more blessed visions of the night, and the last faint effort of your eye-lids has been quite overcome by the gentle pressure of sleep, when, in deceitful slumber, you hear something like the sound of trumpets. Straightway your imagination is kindled, and you fancy yourself in the midst of a fierce fight, and struggling, not against petty insects, but against armed men and thundering cannon! In the excitement of the mortal conflict of your dream, you awake, not displeased, mayhap, to find that you are safe and snug in bed. But in the next instant what is your dismay, when you are again saluted by the odious notes of a mosquito close at your ear! The perilous fight of the previous dream, in which your honour had become pledged, and your life at hazard, is all forgotten in the pressing reality of this waking calamity. You resolve to do or die, and not to sleep, or even attempt to sleep, till you have finally overcome the enemy. Just as you have made this manly resolve, and, in order to deceive the foe, have pretended to be fast asleep, the wary mosquito is again heard, circling over you at a distance, but gradually coming nearer and nearer in a spiral descent, and at each turn gaining upon you one inch, till, at length, he almost touches your ear, and, as you suppose, is just about to

settle upon it. With a sudden jerk, and full of wrath, you bring up your hand, and give yourself such a box on the ear as would have staggered the best friend you have in the world, and might have crushed twenty thousand mosquitoes, had they been there congregated. Being convinced that you have now done for him, you mutter between your teeth one of those satisfactory little apologies for an oath which indicate gratified revenge, and down you lie again. In less than ten seconds, however, the very same felon whom you fondly hoped you had executed, is again within hail of you, and you can almost fancy there is scorn in the tone of his abominable hum. You, of course, watch his motions still more intently than before, but only by the ear, for you can never see him. We shall suppose that you fancy he is aiming at your left hand; indeed, as you are almost sure of it, you wait till he has ceased his song, and then you give yourself another smack, which, I need not say, proves quite as fruitless as the first. About this stage of the action you discover, to your horror, that you have been soundly bit in one ear and in both heels, but when or how you cannot tell. These wounds, of course, put you into a fine rage, partly from the pain, and partly from the insidious manner in which they have been inflicted. Up you spring on your knees—not to pray, Heaven knows!—but to fight. You seize your horse's tail with spiteful rage, and after whisking it round and round, and cracking it in every corner of the bed, you feel pretty certain you must at last have demolished your friend. In this unequal warfare you pass the live-long night, alternately scratching and cuffing yourself—fretting and fuming to no purpose—feverish, angry, sleepy, provoked, and wounded in twenty different places! At last, just as the long-expected day begins to dawn, you drop off, quite exhausted, into an unsatisfactory, heavy slumber, during which your triumphant enemy banquets upon your carcass at his convenient leisure. As the sun is rising, the barber enters the room to remove your beard before you step into the bath, and you awaken only to discover the bloated and satiated monster clinging to the top of your bed, an easy, but useless, and inglorious prey!

After some wild-beast conflicts at Mysore, sports of various kinds were exhibited, and the author says:—

"The prettiest game, to our taste, during the whole of this long and rather wearisome festival, was one which might be imitated with some effect by the figurantes of our own Opera. From a ring in the middle of a pole stretched horizontally over the centre of the area were suspended eight differently coloured silk strings, the ends of which were held in the hands of as many little boys. Upon a signal being given, and music striking up, these eight young persons commenced a dance, the purpose of which was to plait up the separate cords into one rope. After working about a couple of feet of this line, the music changed, and the little weavers, inverting the order of their dance, undid the silken strands of their party-coloured rope, and stood ready to lay them up again, according to the same or any other pattern which might be ordered by his highness the Maha Rajah of Mysore."

The shawl dance in the *Bayadère* bears some resemblance to this. At Coorg, where similar entertainments were given by the Rajah, except that wild beasts, lions, tigers, &c. were, like our dogs and cats, permitted to walk about the room where the strangers were seated, (to

their no small discomfiture)—an elephant-dance seems to have been droll enough:—

On one side of the court a group of pretty dancing girls had been exhibiting all the time of the show, without attracting much notice. These ladies being ordered forwards, one of them was stationed before each of the elephants as a partner, and the keepers, slipping down from the animals' necks, seated themselves cross-legged on the ground, in front, and within reach of the animals' fore-feet. The music now struck up, the girls began to dance and sing, while the keepers, by touching the elephants' feet gently with little sticks, made them hobble likewise. As the unwieldy monsters jogged from side to side, they beat time with the ends of their trunks on the bare heads of their keepers, shook their monstrous ears, and stared at the girls. Never was any thing so grotesque! The effect, indeed, was so ludicrous, that even the poor Indian girls themselves appeared at a loss whether to laugh or to cry at being set to dance a jig with elephants to the tune of 'Drops of Brandy,' or some such exotic air—villanously played by Hindoo pipers—a glorious concourse of absurdities! The day was pretty well advanced before these sports were over, for we had still to witness sundry sheep-fights, and ram-fights, and an endless variety of antics by human tumblers."

The Comic Magazine. Third Series. No. XIV. SOME of the cuts are clever; one of sickness, neither humorous nor fit for a publication which aims to amuse, and not to disgust. We have pleasure, however, in quoting, as a good turn to our contemporary, a little poem ridiculing the Cockney passion for rural scenery in the outskirts of London—say Primrose Hill—where itinerant vendors of sundry wares are so apt to interrupt the musings of the sentimentalist.

"How beautiful to stand upon the hill,
And look with placid rapture to the skies,
Letting the chaste'n'd soul imbibe its fill
Of— Here, my customers, my nice hot pies!"
Here Meditation, with its gentle voice,
Upon the unfetter'd spirit blandly calls,
And offers unto each illud heart the choice
Of— Now then, four a-penny brandy-balls!"
While raised above the city's noise, you spurn
Its mean contentions—feeling you defy them;
Your breast is full of higher thoughts! ah, learn
In time to— Crack and try before you buy them.
Ah, yes! this rural and exalted spot
Each holier feeling, with a sigh, calls
Back on your mind; the world seems half forgot,
As if some saint were present—'Fine St. Michael's!"
Each turbid passion, hate, revenge, and spleen,
Subside at once; for anger lives not here,
But dies amid the glories of the scene,
And soon lies buried with the— Ginger beer!"
Yet melancholy though the scene inspires,
Still animated feelings 'twill produce;
And oft such meditation nobly fires
The breast with vivid fancies, 'Spruce, O, spruce!"
But now the shades of eve come on apace,
And in the plain below the sheep-bell tinkles;
Night draws the veil o'er nature's beautiful face,
Sol seeks his ocean-bed of— Periwinkles."

Figaro's Epigrams. Pp. 64. London, Laurence.

A COLLECTION of the cleverest squibs of our contemporary *Figaro*. The barber is a sharp fellow; but had better, we opine, stick to trimming on Saturdays.

Tales and Novels of Maria Edgeworth. Vols. X. XII. and XIII. London, 1833. Baldwin and Cradock.

A LITTLE world of wit and wisdom is comprised in these pages; wit as pointed, wisdom as useful, as the very first day when they were

embodied in their vivid narratives. Their social pictures are curious, too, as landmarks of manners: the flood of French liberalism and German sentiment has ebbed—another style reigns in fashion; but here the follies of some twenty years ago are hung up in as lively colours as ever. We think few will deny the utility of infant schools, whether as regards the good habits of order and employment inculcated from the earliest age, or the relief thus afforded to the over-laboured parent; but we must observe that the first hint of such a plan was developed in the story of *Madame de Fleury*; and the good that might be effected by individual exertion, and the certain results of excellent habits and principles instilled from the very first, were never more convincingly brought forward than in this attractive and natural tale. Too much encouragement cannot be bestowed on this elegant edition of works that are now admitted to rank high among our English classics.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. THE TYROL.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,—Under the above title, you have lately reviewed a book, of which you have even given two notices, doubtless from the richness of the materials and your admiration of the work. If your praises had been confined to the author's remarks upon Bavaria, and you had censured his careless and inaccurate account of the Tyrol, there would have been less occasion for this letter; but knowing as I do the numerous faults in his description of the country which gives title to his book, and believing that you would rather assist in removing an impression which may mislead, than persevere in allowing your praise to remain uncontradicted,* I send the following observations upon some of the author's erroneous accounts of the country through which he says he passed. I must precede these, however, by noticing a remark in the last chapter of the work, in which he says, "To the Tyrol there is no guide, good, bad, or indifferent; and I have no intention of supplying the deficiency." In the latter part I will shew that he has carefully kept his word; but to the former, I say that, in German and Italian, there are several; and I ask, is Mr. Inglis ignorant of Latrobe's work in English, "the Pedestrian?" of which three-fourths is on the Tyrol, admirably written, and full of most valuable information upon all Mr. Inglis's line of route in the Tyrol, and much that Mr. I. never appears to have heard of; for in the concluding chapter he says, "And if the traveller follows the route I have laid down, he will have seen by far the greater part of what the Tyrol has to offer." Now to this I say he would not see one-twentieth of what the Tyrol has to offer, nor one-half of what is commonly visited; and he would only have seen the least interesting and most commonly trodden part of it. In this every traveller who has visited the Tyrol will concur. Whole districts, and those among the finest, were, for aught that Mr. Inglis has shewn, unexamined by him,—such are the valleys from the Oes to the Ziller, on the south of the

great valley of the Inn; the great valleys on the north of the Pusterthal, from the Prettau to the valley of the Isel and Windisch Matray; the chain on the south of the Pusterthal, and the valleys on the southern side of that chain, which lead to the sources of the Tagliamento, the Piave, and the Cordevolo; the paths which lead to the Grednerthal, and other valleys which fall into the great course of the Eisach and the Adige; the rich and beautiful country east of Trent by the Val Sugana; and on the west, the Val de Non, which runs up to Mont Tonal, whence there is a pass by the Val Camonica to the lake of Iseo. The Val de Non is one of the most beautiful of the Tyrolean valleys, and is esteemed so by the southern Tyroleans.* It was formerly inhabited by the Naunes, a people conquered by Augustus; and the name is still preserved in the Val de Non. Mr. Inglis, on his return to Botzen, observed the confluence of the Non and Adige, near St. Michael's, and dismisses this beautiful country thus: "At St. Michael's I spent a day, and employed it in ascending the bank of a considerable river called the *Noal*, which at that point falls into the Adige." Thus all the finest and most interesting parts of the Tyrol remain unknown to or unexamined by Mr. Inglis; yet, at page 272, vol. ii. he says, "I have now traversed every part of the Tyrol:" in truth, he knows very little of the Tyrol, unless he has communicated less than he knows; whilst travellers of whom he appears to have never heard, have seen and visited, and published all that he knows, and ten times more; and their books may be relied upon for accuracy. How far Mr. Inglis's may be, let his account of his journey from Inspruck to Brixen only, tell to every traveller who knows this, the most beaten route in the Tyrol.

He leaves Inspruck and ascends the Schönberg, a mountain deriving its name from the beautiful view up the valley of the Stubei to the Schaufel-spitz and the enormous glaciers at the head of the Oesthal, one of the most celebrated views in the Tyrol. Mr. Inglis does not even mention this surpassing scene: he arrives, he says, "at the little town of Schönberg;" here there are three or four houses, or cottages, only, which scarcely deserve the name of a village. From this place he ascends five leagues to the Brenner, and says, "I passed two small villages." These are, of course, for he could go no other way, Mattrey (an ancient Roman station, Matreium), a market town, and Steinach, a place nearly as large; besides several villages, such as Gries, Lueg, and a dozen others, larger than his town of Schönberg. Again, Mr. Inglis says, "About half way, or a little more, between Schönberg and the summit, I reached a small lake about half a mile long." This lake—there is no other on the route,—is the Dorn-see, on the Brenner; it is celebrated for the delicious trout with which it supplies the inns on the summit of the pass; but it is not half a mile from the latter place, and, therefore, so far from being situated half way from the Brenner to Schönberg, is not more than one-thirtieth part of the distance. The fact of his having seen it from the shoulder of a mountain which he climbed near the Brenner, and whence he says he saw both sides of the pass, proves to any one who has knowledge of the country, that it could not exceed half a mile from the village

to the lake. But Mr. I. must have been giddy and seen double from this elevation, for he says also that he saw "the other little lake to the south of the village of Brenner, which is the source of the rivers that flow into the southern Tyrol." There is a lake (much less than the Dorn-see, into which its waters flow) on the northern side of the Brenner; but it lies on the east of the road, and cannot be seen from it. I deny that there is any such lake on the south; and for proof refer to every traveller who knows the road, and every map of the country, if its scale be large enough to lay down the two lakes I mention, of which the waters form the river Sill, and flow into the Inn on the north. The following day, he clinches the error respecting this second lake to the south, by saying, "very soon after leaving the Brenner I reached the little lake I had seen the night before; this is the source of the Eisach." Not only does no such lake exist, but there is not even a spreading out of the stream of the Eisach to which such a misnomer can apply. The source of the Eisach is in the mountain which bounds the western side of the pass, from which it falls a beautiful cataract; and, after working some saw-mills, flows into a channel which skirts the road to the south, until the accession of various streams give it, on its descent, the wild and furious character of the Eisach. This fall behind the post-house is the subject of one of Brockedon's views on the route of the Brenner, in his "Passes of the Alps." But I have not yet done with Mr. Inglis's errors on the Brenner, where he says, "of course there is but one inn." Now, the author of these remarks has put up at different times at two inns on the Brenner: once with his family of seven persons at the smallest of these, and subsequently with a friend, at the post-house. Mr. I. makes a similar error when speaking of Meran (the chief town of the Vintchgau), which he asserts has only one inn; but it really has several, and good ones. I fear that "the small memorandum-book," which he says "I use hourly, entering whatever occurs to me," must have been of asses-skin, and liable to obliteration: if he had trusted to his memory rather than this treacherous help, his misstatements might have been less numerous.

There is an amusing historical error at p. 210, vol. ii. Hofer is made to send deputies to England for assistance, and Mr. I. says the Prince Regent returned a letter of condolence and regret, which is preserved in the *Museum of Inspruck*. Now the fact (unfortunately for this story) is, that the Prince Regent had no existence as regent until Feb. 1811, twelve months after Hofer was shot at Mantua, and eighteen months after the affair of Walcheren happened—the preparations for which are assigned in the letter as a reason for the inability of the English government to assist the Tyrolese.

There is part of a chapter on mountains (p. 297 to the end, vol. i.) which to a mountain traveller is sad twaddle; as his chapter on rivers will be to all others. Mr. I. says, "Where a road traverses the summit of a mountain there cannot be precipices above; and the mere fact, that a road is necessarily led over the highest part of a mountain," &c. Why, sir, this is worthy of being illustrated by the view of the great wall of China, given in a pennyworth of trash called the *Saturday Mag.*, "shewing as how the wall is carried over the peaks." Mr. Inglis never saw a road carried over the "summit of a mountain" in his life; and so far from its being "no-

* Our only wish is to report justly and impartially on every book noticed in the *Literary Gazette*; and not thinking it necessary to refer to maps or itineraries (or even to our esteemed friend Latrobe's book, which was reviewed with much praise in our pages), we certainly spoke of Mr. Inglis's clever and interesting volumes as we found them: taking it for granted that his details, from personal travel, were quite accurate. But whether it touch him as an author or ourselves as critics, we cannot deny a place to this rather severe correction.—Ed. L. G.

* The people of Trent describe it as a Paradise, and the rich inhabitants spend their summers in this delightful valley. Its history and its beauties have been written and described by many authors, and recently by Barinacovi and Pinamonti.

cessarily led over the highest," it is necessarily led over the lowest part: every mountain-road is carried over the col, or neck, the lowest traversable point of the mountain chain where a road is formed. I know fifty such passes in the Alps; and if I knew fifty thousand there could not be one exception. The passes of the St. Gothard, the Albula, and the Brenner, which he mentions, are all (I know them well) dominated by lofty mountains bounding each pass on the col.

Mr. I. is guilty too, I am sorry to add, of misnaming or misspelling places: thus the Ortler-spitz he always writes Ortler-Pitz. Spitz is, in the German language, a peak. He spells Monte Stelvio, Monte Selvio, and the river Non, as above, the Noal. Dr. Gebhard, who climbed the Ortler-spitz, he calls Gothard; and even under his spelling of Loch Ketturin, I scarcely recognised our own Scotch lake, which he incidentally mentions. These are some of his numerous errors; many of them will be found more mischievous to travellers, who may be led to trust to him, than the faults of mere orthography. He is not much more correct in his remarks upon national character; for his praises of the virtue of chastity among the girls in the Tyrol (p. 280, vol. ii.), I am sorry to say, are undeserved; and I state it as the common and recorded observation of travellers, that in no part of the continent is this virtue so little regarded. See the amiable La-trobe in "the Pedestrian," p. 284. At the inns, the *kellerin* is usually pretty; and though her favours may not generally be open to purchase, there is not one on the line of road from Inspruck to Verona, who, if she be pleased with the appearance of the traveller, will not pay him a visit in his retirement.

Is Mr. Inglis Irish, or is it an attempt to be facetious, when he writes, p. 248, vol. ii. "She sat her down on her knees to milk her cow"?

I think Mr. Inglis might, at the extravagant price of his two little volumes, 20s. have given a map of his route; but this would, perhaps, have betrayed at a glance how little of the Tyrol he had visited. I am, &c. Z.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

At the anniversary meeting, which took place in the course of the week, Lord Stanley was re-elected president; and the annual report (merely a compendium of the monthly reports regularly noticed in the *Literary Gazette*) was made. The total amount of receipts for the year amounted to the almost incredible sum of upwards of 13,000*l.*; the visitors to the gardens and museum nearly 226,000; the number of fellows 2,330; besides foreign and corresponding members, to the amount of 142, in various parts of the world. A warm eulogium and a vote of thanks were paid to Mr. Vigors, for his donations and exertions in aid of the Institution. After some conversation, the meeting divided on the question of closing the garden-door on Sunday:—sixty-nine persons voted for closing it, and eighty-nine for keeping it open as heretofore. The Tuesday lecture was on *Arachnida* (spider genus) and *Insecta*. Dr. Grant commenced with general observations on spiders, scorpions, &c. of the class, and contrasted their skeleton with that of *Crustacea*. He then entered into the details of the nervous and sanguiferous systems, and also of the digestive organs, and passed on to insects, dwelling upon their general anatomy, the discoveries respecting their circulation, and the changes in the nervous system occurring during

the metamorphosis from the caterpillar to the perfect insect. The compound structure of the eye engaged considerable attention, as did the aerating apparatus, originating from *spiracula* along the sides. The general divisions were then briefly pointed out, the principal notice having been bestowed upon anatomical minutiae.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 17th.—Mr. Greenough, president, in the chair. The second portion of Mr. Murchison's paper on the geology of parts of Shropshire, Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, and Caermarthenshire, was read. This division of the memoir entered into a detailed description of the upper members of the gran-wacke series, and was illustrated by numerous suites of specimens and drawings.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting on Wednesday, the president and officers of this Society were re-elected or elected; and a very satisfactory report of its finances read, from which it appeared that the expenditure of the year was 4,953*l.* and the receipts 5,597*l.*, leaving a balance in favour of the treasury of 644*l.* This gratifying report, so different from former times, was adopted; and it was judiciously announced, that the public breakfasts, so inconsistent with the Institution, and so detrimental to the gardens, were to be discontinued, and in their stead three several exhibitions of productions, in the months of May, June, and July, to be substituted. This commendable course we should hope will restore old, and bring new friends to the Society, and cause it to flourish more than ever.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

SOIREES AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

ON Saturday another of those meetings which, under the auspices of H. R. H. the President of the Royal Academy, have tended so much to delight the literary and scientific circles, while they diffused the knowledge of useful and interesting inventions, took place at Kensington Palace; and was attended by many distinguished persons. Among the number of noble individuals we observed the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl of Aberdeen, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Auckland, Lord Farnborough; besides the presidents and eminent members of our principal national institutions, the Royal Academy, the Antiquaries, the Asiatic, the Royal Society of Literature, the Geographical, the Geological, the Astronomical, &c. &c. and numerous authors, and gentlemen attached to their various pursuits. H. R. H. looked better in health than we have seen him during the last two or three months.

As is usual, several novelties in science were exhibited and explained. Mr. Henry Wilkinson, whose ingenuity seems to be inexhaustible, shewed some splendid specimens of ancient Persian fire-arms, and a pair of inlaid pistols (pure gold upon the azure iron) of his own manufacturing, intended for the Shah of Persia, and such as will test the most brilliant in his armoury. Also, a working model of a machine for turning gun-stocks; another proof of the marvellous improvement which has been made in mechanism within these few years, when a body so crooked and irregular can be formed by merely turning round on an axis by machinery. Yet the operation is very simple, and consists of a correct model of the desired

figure in iron, which being placed parallel to the rough stock, turns with it, and being pressed against it by a wheel which regulates the distances of the cutters attached to another wheel, produces a fac-simile of the original model. By an engine or machine somewhat similar, extremely beautiful busts are now executed in ivory and other substances on a reduced scale, possessing all the effect of the originals whence they are copied.

Another clever piece of machinery was one by Mr. W. Rogers, wrought by a hand-wheel, and which cut out two combs with perfect accuracy from a single slip of card, representing softened bone or horn. This must be a great saving of the material.

A demonstration of the properties, magnetic and electro-magnetic, of soft iron also engaged our attention. It is the same noticed in our last week's report of the proceedings of the Royal Society, where we queried the name of Wilkins, which our reporter had not distinctly heard. We here learned that the discoverer of these properties was Mr. Watkins of Charing Cross, to whom we accordingly restore the credit. We attended several of the experiments, which, though not yet altogether convincing, we consider are likely to lead to important investigations and results.

We observed a large model of the wheel and rudder of a ship, but no explanation was given of the improvement whilst we were present. On the library and other tables many curious MSS., illuminated volumes, specimens of art, &c. &c. were laid; and refreshments were served in an apartment at the end of one of the splendid suites of rooms into which this part of the palace is distributed.

ABBOTSFORD SUBSCRIPTION MEETING.

THE meeting of the general subscribers and of the public, to receive the report of the subcommittee of management, and adopt measures for carrying the design into complete effect, took place, as advertised, on Saturday, and was attended by a numerous and highly distinguished assemblage of noblemen and gentlemen of all parties. The Marquess of Northampton fulfilled the duties of the chair in the ablest manner, and was addressed in the most feeling, eloquent, and persuasive speeches, in moving the several resolutions, by the Lord Mayor, Lords Haddington, Morpeth, Mahon, and Leveson Gower; Sirs G. Murray, R. Peel, and John Malcolm; Capt. B. Hall; and Messrs. Sotheby, Morritt, Adam, and T. Phillips. These addresses occupied about two hours and a half; and perhaps, during a similar space, a more varied and interesting display of feeling and talent was never witnessed upon any occasion. We regret that our limits forbid even a sketch of the proceedings; but we regret it the less, as we understand a full report of the whole is preparing in the form of a cheap pamphlet, the proceeds of which will go to the subscription, while its matter will spread throughout the country, and afford some idea of the living genius which on this occasion delighted to pay its tribute to departed worth and genius.

According to the report of between 8000*l.* and 9000*l.* being realised, and a great number of home returns not yet sent in—of subscriptions going on in the East and West Indies, America, and the Continent—and of the whole amount required being only 17,000*l.*—there is no doubt of the plan being speedily realised,—towards which a meeting at the Mansion House this day fortnight, will, we are sure, materially contribute.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex in the chair.—A comprehensive essay towards an approximation of a map of co-tidal lines, by Professor Whewell, was read. Without attempting at an epitome of this paper, the following detached notes will be read with interest. After noticing the valuable tide observations of Mr. Lubbock at the London Docks—13,000 in number—and those made at Brest harbour, the learned professor speaks in high terms of the observations contained in *Lalande's Astronomy*—those also of our intrepid countryman, Captain King—and those made by other officers of the navy for many years past, and which are kept in MS. at the Admiralty. He observes that the velocity of the tide-wave is different in different places;—it reaches from the southern coast of Ireland to the northern coast of Scotland in an hour. Its velocity is less on the eastern coast of England, from which it extends to the Orkneys. One end of it is found in the Antarctic Ocean, and the other washes the shores of Newfoundland, its ridge being equidistant from both. The paper contains remarks on tide currents—on revolving currents—on the magnitude of tides—suggestions for future tide observations, desirable to be taken at the Cape of Good Hope, Swan River, Zealand in the Indian seas, the Mauritius, &c.; but probably the most valuable would be made by the officers of the preventive service, along the coast for a fortnight without intermission.—Earl Darnley, being a peer of parliament, was elected into the Society without the usual forms, except the ballot.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY in the chair.—A communication was read from Mr. Adamson, secretary to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle, on the discovery of a large quantity of coins, to the number of about 8000, of various Saxon kings and archbishops of York, from about the year 808 to 850, found in a vessel of very thin brass, in digging a new grave about seven feet deep in the churchyard at Hexham, in Northumberland. The vessel was broken by the spade, and several of the coins lost; many more were distributed in the neighbourhood, before the rector heard of the discovery; he, however, succeeded in recovering about 7000; and, after some doubts as to the right of ownership, all claimants agreed in presenting them to the British Museum. They are mostly in high preservation, and several of them were described by Mr. Adamson. Drawings were exhibited of the vessel and its cover, with some minor details.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, Pall Mall East.

[Second notice.]

No. 34. *Old Houses at Buxted, Sussex.* W. Scott.—Objects such as these, like "the long-remembered beggar," will never be forgotten by the lovers of the picturesque; but will always "have their claims allowed," while a stick or a plank remains to shew what they have once been. Mr. Scott has done entire justice to his subject.

No. 89. *Distant View of Crowland Abbey.* P. De Wint.—We always approach the works of this admirable artist with the assurance of being delighted with a fullness of composition and pencil, and a subtlety of execution, combining the powers of a Gainsborough and a Girtin. The present production, and No. 178.

Landscape and Cattle; No. 184. A Pastoral Scene; and No. 187. Dale Park, Sussex.—are worthy of the study of the aspirant in art, and the acquisition of the tasteful amateur.

No. 193. *Early Piety.* J. W. Wright.—This picture comes recommended no less by the subject than by the grace with which it is composed, and the beauty with which it is executed. No. 328. *A Venetian Girl receiving her Nativity from a Jew Astrologer; and No. 322. Free Companions receiving Ransom from the Family of a Calabrian Noble,* are also fine specimens of Mr. Wright's talents.

No. 331. *The Trumpeter's Stable.* F. Taylor. The artist needs no other trumpeter than the sight of this performance. It will place him in the foremost rank for taste and power. Nothing can exceed the spirit of the execution and effect.

No. 119. *An Interior.* J. F. Lewis.—The massive and lumbering furniture of the old world are here heaped together in a way that might tempt an antiquary to forego his meal in gloating over their form and character. There is surprising vigour in Mr. Lewis's handling, although it is occasionally a little hard.

No. 244. *The Virtuoso.* J. Stephanoff.—This is quite another sort of thing, and exhibits an order and arrangement of the classic in art, which may afford a lesson to those who wish to shew their antique treasures to the greatest advantage. Mr. Stephanoff has made a selection from the Elgin marbles, &c. The introduction of the Mosaic pavements in the British Museum, the painted ceiling, and the crimson ground of the walls of the apartment, is well calculated to give effect to the high finish of the busts and statues.

No. 231. *Mary Queen of Scots surrendering herself to the Confederated Lords at Carberry Hill.* A. Chisholm.—The picture of George Herriot and King James, by this artist, still lives in our memory as a work of superior merit; nor does the present performance, though of a very different character, fall short of it in talent. The graphic representation agrees to the letter with the historical quotation; and in its splendid yet careful style of execution may compete with any production in the room.

(To be continued.)

The National Gallery, respecting the site and architectural plan of which there has been so much public discussion, will, we are informed, come to have these circumstances, its estimated expense, and other important adjuncts, considered in parliament upon a vote for miscellaneous services. It is to be hoped that a fine and improving part of the capital will not be allowed to be sacrificed, in a matter of such lasting interest and permanent duration.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Anatomical Studies of the Bones and Muscles, for the Use of Artists. From drawings by the late John Flaxman, Esq. R.A. Engraved by Henry Landseer. Nuttall.

In the words of the preface, "To announce these exhibitions of muscular mechanism as the studies made by Flaxman for his own use and instruction, is to give them a practical recommendation superior to all critical eulogy."

Finden's Landscape Illustrations of the Life and Works of Lord Byron. Part XIV. Murray.

Or the embellishments of the present part, "Petrarch's House, Arqua," from a drawing by — Hoppner, Esq., and "Diodati," from a

drawing by W. Purser, are among the most beautiful. The portrait of Shelley has a very vague and effeminate expression.

Miss Kelly's Characters. Drawn from nature and on stone by F. W. Wilkin. Ackermann.

CLEVER as respects the general character, but without any trace of Miss Kelly in the features.

Mrs. Masters. Engraved by Cochran, from a painting by Moore. Bull.

THE embellishment of the *Court Magazine* for the present month. Mrs. Masters' recent death must render it peculiarly interesting.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

RARELY has there been assembled, at one time, such a galaxy of musical talent as now graces the boards of this theatre; and the public are deeply indebted to Mr. Laporte for his exertions, and will no doubt shew it in a solid and pleasing manner. Cinti resumed her old part of *Cinderella* on Saturday: we can scarcely give her greater praise than to say she is as delightful as ever. Donnell as the *Prince*, and Tamburini as *Dandini*, are well known and appreciated. Zuchelli was the *Magnifico*; and, with such a cast, if *La Cenerentola* were not well played and sung, we should despair of its ever being accomplished. On Tuesday there was another night of uncommon attraction; and on Thursday Pasta made her appearance as *Anna Bolena*, in Donizetti's opera of that name. Her voice is, if any thing, improved; it has entirely lost the slight huskiness with which it was affected, and her acting is perfect. She was very enthusiastically received by the most crowded audience of the season. Meric, as *Jane Seymour*, acted up to Pasta in a manner that does her the highest credit. Tamburini is improving nightly, and gave great effect to the part of *Henry*. Rubini was *Percy*, and sang the airs in his peculiar style, most sweetly. Harriet Cawse made her first appearance here as the *Page*, and, when a little more accustomed to the size of the house, will be an effective addition even to a company composed of the names already mentioned: though under the timidity of a first night, she was very delightful. Taglioni has also returned to us, to add her powerful aid to a *corps de ballet* previously strong; she is as graceful as ever.

DRURY LANE.

ON Saturday a precocious infant of some ten years was put to perform *Dr. O'Toole—Power's* inimitable character—and, as was to be expected, disgusted the sense of the audience, by exhibiting only the Spoilt Child. We had hoped such follies were over. The theatre then shut till Wednesday, to prepare for *La Somnambule* and *Malibran*; for new pieces and foreign actors are now usually made of importance by closing the doors during half a week previous to their appearance. Then come the bills in black and red ink, telling a long and particular tale of a tub, as an additional attraction to that whale, the public. For example, it is stated that "Madame Malibran has arrived in this country" (as if she could perform without arriving) "to fulfil the engagement entered into by her with the lessee of this theatre" (who the d—l else could she enter into an engagement with?); and then it is stated where all the chorus-singers come from, &c. &c. By and by we shall hear at what hours they

go to bed and rise, how they have slept, and what they eat and drink!! The opera was, however, performed with great success. Malibran is a delightful creature; and as the national drama is defunct, we must speak fairly of that which has superseded it, even though it consist of some dozen coach-loads of Germans driving up on a Sunday evening to Drury Lane, not knowing where else to betake themselves in the great city they had been hired to enchant.

The *Fidello*, by the German corps, which was to have been performed yesterday, led to another disappointment, and the theatre was shut. Such frequent accidents disconcert all play-going arrangements, and are most injurious to the drama. We presume it is a puff-trick, taking advantage of an expression of favour, which places the royal arms at the head of the announcements of these foreign performances: her Majesty is too English a sovereign to afford her especial patronage to a system which condemns so many of her own loyal subjects and deserving actors to inconvenience and want.

MATHEWS AT HOME.

ON Monday we found Mr. Mathews at home, for the fourteenth year, and consequently had the misfortune to be transported by his exertions. His *Comic Annual* begins with great spirit; and though not equal throughout (which is impossible), is so full of spirit, and drollery, and talent, to the end, that the only complaint we have to make is that there is too much of it. In proportion to the merriment created, the mind and attention flag the earlier; and we are unalterably convinced that two hours of such entertainment, indeed almost of any entertainment, are twice as good and effective as four. The first two acts of this extraordinary effort, and even these abridged, would afford more pleasure and satisfaction than the three which we witnessed, the third being rendered less necessary from the numerous and admirable assumptions of character which abound in what precede it. The opening address to the house, as to parliament, is full of point and humour. Messrs. Verjuice and Honey a capital contrast; and the depreciation of the sun in London by the former very amusing. Mr. Rigmarole, a miserable melo-dramatist, is a clever portrait: we do not so much like the astro-gastro-nomic exhibition of Mr. Jollyfat; which, and the coffee-room scene, might, we think, be advantageously omitted. But the happy parts are a christening in Aldermanbury (song), personation of Mrs. Digby Jones (equal to any thing our imitable artist ever did), "Report of Proceedings at the Mansion-House" (song), Frenchman's story about the word "Box," the "General Election" (song), a toper's visit to a Temperance Society; and, above all, a medley of street melodists and ballad singing, in which the habits and appearance of the whole peripatetic tribe are assumed in succession, and their various efforts to please, in order that they may live, are imitated with wonderful drollery and fidelity.

The house was full, and rang with laughter, and will no doubt continue to enjoy the same *éclat* throughout the season of these At Homes.

THE HAYMARKET.

ON Saturday evening we made holiday here, and were much entertained with all the performances; our only complaint being that there was too much. Dowton is so truly natural and pathetic in *Ellen Wareham*, that we were more than ever angry with his coarse colouring in the

Devil to pay. Why will an actor of such genuine powers descend to such vulgar errors, which cannot but offend the judicious? Elton, whom we neglected to name before, acted extremely well. The *Twin Sisters* seemed to be more facile, and consequently more amusing than ever. That clever Buckstone is very happy in hitting off little domestic and familiar points, which always tell with the audience.

UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

King's Theatre. April 18, 19.—The influenza, not content with spoiling the singing, and abridging the dancing, (in *La Sonnambule* the little waiting-woman, only an acting character, was made a principal danseuse,) appears even to have carried off several of the wanted component parts of the wardrobe. In the ballet I have just named, the dragoon appeared in a plain modern frock-coat, instead of the usual uniform. It cannot be that, under the idea of the complaint being contagious, the actors are afraid to wear each other's clothes; for the next night, in *Zampa*, the actor who personated the old father appeared in the cap worn in a previous part of the play by the lover, who in his turn was obliged to make shift with one worn by his deadly rival (*Zampa*) in his first dress. It reminded me strongly of Mathews shewing only one hand at a time, with one ruffle appearing alternately on each wrist. The male portion of the chorus, moreover, wore the dancing dresses of the peasants in *La Sonnambule*; and the good and virtuous father, to whom I have before alluded, could find no costume more appropriate than that of the devil himself, as worn by Levasseur in *Robert le Diable* last season.

English Opera. April 20.—*The Bottle Imp* without Keeley, and such a substitute! I refrain from writing his name, because I tell you that, to compensate for the utter want of Keeley's humour, he indulges in gag of the most unwarrantable and vulgar description from beginning to end. The last scene, a hall of the Spanish Inquisition, was the same used and billed as a correct representation of the Giant Staircase of Venice in *The Bravo*; but this is only half the joke; what think you of this correct representation being nothing more nor less than the palace of—*The King of Clubs* in the last pantomime! If any one doubts, let him go and see; there is still, hugely conspicuous, the shape of the perfect club which was so ingeniously made to pervade all the scenery, dresses, and properties of that pantomime.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert, on Monday, hardly boasted of its usual attractions and merits. The symphonies went but indifferently; and Mr. T. Wright's harp concerto was long and somniferous. Mr. Knoop, on the violoncello, displayed extraordinary execution, running up and down in semitones with wonderful facility; but he is deficient in tone.

We had written this, when we received the bitter complaint of "A Philharmonic Subscriber," which confirms our judgment; but we have not room to go into particulars. We agree with him that this concert was altogether mediocre or bad, and cannot account for the undue preference given to Spohr.

SIGHTS OF LONDON.

As the town fills, the number of exhibitions increase; and we have this week inspected not a few, revisiting old favourites, and making ourselves acquainted with new.

Mathews's Gallery of Theatrical Portraits, long seen by his many friends with interest at his delightful cottage residence, has been arranged for public exhibition at the Queen's Bazaar; and so ably done, as greatly to enhance our admiration of the collection. This collection amounts to nearly four hundred pictures of every kind (though we have only the first part of a most entertaining catalogue, which contains much curious information respecting the stage and its occupants for above a century and a half); and is strikingly attractive for the lovers of the drama. A few of the paintings are excellent as works of art, such as those by Hudson, Hogarth, Zoffany, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Shee, Jackson, Harlow, &c. &c.; but it is "the ensemble of the whole," as Mathews might say in one of his characters, which first delights the beholder, and increases that delight as he examines the parts of which it is made up. The forms and features of those whose talents have been the recreation and amusement of five or six succeeding generations, in their habits as they lived or acted, with the looks wherewith they charmed in private life, and the expression and attitudes in which in public they inspired the various passions from horror and grief to mirth and laughter—the terrible, the pathetic, the comic, the ludicrous—all brought thus together, produce an effect upon the mind which it would not be easy to describe. For ourselves, we can only say that hours and days spent in this gallery would gratify us more and more; and we are sure it will prove a source of great pleasure to every one who visits it. We shall return to it, and again notice it in our journal.

At the Colosseum, a new and very interesting combination of the features of African scenery has been constructed, and made subservient to a striking display of natural history belonging to that quarter of the globe. A collection of animals, birds, &c. made by Mr. Steedman, and finely preserved as if yet alive, are picturesquely disposed in *habitats* familiar to their real existence. The whole thus arranged and represented in action consistent with their nature, form a very impressive and instructing menagerie.

Returning by Regent-street, Mr. Melling's group of Sir John Falstaff, Mrs. Doll, and Bardolph, besides his sculptures of heroic and different character, invites us to witness another application of the comic to this art.

In Bond-street, statues of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, wrought in a gray stone (similar to the Tam O'Shanter group), by Thomas Ritchie, a journeyman Scots mason, court the attention and patronage of the encouragers of lowly talent. The countenance of Sir Walter is a good likeness; and the whole an extraordinary performance for a self-taught artist.

The Adelalde Rooms are always adding new and deserving objects to the gallery, where the fine arts and the sciences unite their many attractions, and where a pleasant and instructive hour may well be spent.

Our last vision was of the Death of young Napoleon, by M. Goubaud, with which that artist has just arrived in London. It is a fac-simile of his deathbed, with portraits of all those who surrounded it, and an accurate representation of the chamber itself, with the portrait of his dead father on the wall, while his living mother kneels in sorrow at his feet. There are about fourteen figures, and the scene is of the most interesting description. We remember when the King of Rome was proclaimed to Paris amid the roar of cannon

VARIETIES.

Mutton and no Mutton.—It is odd enough that a sheep when dead should turn into mutton, all but its head ; for, while we ask for a leg or a shoulder of mutton, we never ask for

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Mary of Burgundy, by the Author of "Darnley," &c. Ac.
Ac. 3 vols. post 8vo. II. 11s. 6d. bds.—Montgomery's
(James) Lectures on Poetry and General Literature, post
8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, vol.
XLII. (Manufactures in Metal, Vol. II. Iron and Steel),
foolscap 8vo. 6s. bds.—Characteristics of Women, by Mrs.
Jamieson, second edition, 2 vols. post 8vo. 28s. bds.—The
Geology of the South-East of England, with 75 Plates,
Maps, and Woodcuts, by Gideon Mantell, 1 vol. 8vo. 31s.
6d. bds.—The History of the County of Devon, by John
Sandford, 12mo. Vol. I. 6s. cl. cloth, and lettered—An
Introduction to Geology, by Robert Bakewell, a new edi-
tion, greatly enlarged, 1 vol. 8vo. 21s. bds.—The School
and Family Manual, Vol. I. Geometry; Vol. II. Arith-
metic, in two parts, Part I. small 8vo. 3s. each, cloth—
The Flora of Oxfordshire, and its contiguous Counties,
by Thomas Clutton-Brock, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—
A Novel, by a Cornet, with Etchings by George
Cruikshank, 3 vols. crown 8vo. 24s. bds.—The Field-Book;
or Sports and Pastimes of the United Kingdom, 1 vol.
8vo. 25s. bds.—Nyrren's Cricketer's Tutor, 12mo. 2s. 6d.
sewed.—Blakey's History of Moral Science, 3 vols. 8vo.
21s. bds.—Encyclopædia Americana, 13 vols. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
bds.—The Works of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, 10
vols. 8vo. 16s. 6d. bds.—The Works of Lord Chesterfield,
32mo. 2s. 1s.; 1s. 3s. cloth.—Lawrence's Cameos, re-
duced to 2s. hf.-bd.; Pictures, 3s. hf.-bd.—The Christian's
Family Library, Vol. VII.: Life of Rev. L. Richmond,
12mo. 6s. cloth.—A Gift for Mothers, foolscap 8vo. 6s.
1s.—The Life of Dr. A. Clarke, Vol. II. 8vo. 9s. cloth.
The Bondman; being the Fifth Volume of the Library
of Theophrastus, translated from the Greek, by J. H. Mer-
let, 12mo. 1s. 6d. bds.—The Poetical Works of James
Law of Scotland, by Alison, Vol. II. 8vo. 18s. bds.—Pro-
metheus Bound; translated from the Greek, royal 12mo.
5s. bds.—Principles of Geology, by C. Lyell, Vol. III. 8vo.
90s. bds.—Godephoin, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. II. 11s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The specimen of Parley's Magazine, from Boston, has reached us, and is a very pretty sample of American cheap periodicals, both in its cuts and literary instructive contents.

F. T. will find the Essay to which he alludes in the Oxford English Prize Essays, 4 vols. published by Mr. Talboys, Oxford, 1830. The work was only reviewed with some quotations in the *Literary Gazette*.

We have received two monthly parts of the New Casket; the medley so far seems to be amusing for idle readers, but we can give no opinion upon its general merits.

We are sorry to be obliged to relinquish our intention of publishing the May Month from Wisbeach; and to postpone at least as much in print as this sheet contains, under our various heads of information.

ERRATA.—As a proof of the confusion which is occasioned by similarity of names, we observe that our usually very accurate maker-up of the *Literary Gazette* has, in our last number, p. 263, given our first notice of the original Water-Colour Exhibition Society in Pall Mall, as a continuation, or third notice, of the Exhibition of the Associated Painters in the same style (whose second year it only is) in Bond Street. Also, p. 263, col. 3, line 6, for "I ac," read "I am."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Principals alone will be treated with; and Letters (post paid) addressed T. L. at Mr. Hookham's, 15, Bond Street, meet with immediate attention, as it is desirable to commence as soon as possible.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

A under the Patronage of the King. Established 1810, incorporated by Royal Charter, August 3, 1837. The Twenty-Fourth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 11th of May, 1883.

LORD VISCOUNT CLIVE in the Chair.

<i>Stewards.</i>	
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A *FORWARD* of *THE LANCET* MEDICAL, &c.
 Esq. engraved on steel by Holl, will be given with
 No. X. of the Critic, a new liberal, impartial, and independent
 Literary Journal, published every Saturday, price Fourpence,
 containing 16 royal quarto pages, being the largest of Weekly

Part II. price 1s. 4d. will be ready with the
Magazines.

N.B. A Portrait of Sir Walter Scott was, and is, given with No. I. and Part I.

The Comic Magazine, written entirely by "Figaro in London," with 16 highly laughable Cuts, price 1s. will be ready with the Magazines.

The Vitruvius Britannicus.

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JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A.*"Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes;
Flumina anem silvasque, inglorius."—Virgil, Georg. 11. 485.*

The present work consists of a Collection of Prints of Rural Landscape, all of them engraved by Mr. DAVID LUCAS, from the Pictures of Mr. CONSTABLE, most of which have been exhibited at the Royal Academy within the last few years; and being now completed, is most respectfully offered to the notice of the Admirers of Art.

The Author rests in the belief that this work may not be found wholly unworthy of attention. It originated in no mercenary views, but merely as a pleasing professional occupation, and was pursued with the hope of imparting pleasure and instruction to others. He had imagined to himself an object in art, and has always pursued it. Much of the Landscape forming the subject of these Plates, going far to embody his ideas (owing perhaps to the rich and feeling manner in which they are engraved), he has been tempted to publish them, and offers them as the result of his own experience, founded, as he conceives it to be, in a just observation of natural scenery in its various aspects.

*"Soul-soothing Art! whom morning, noontide, even,
Do serve with all their fitful pageantry."*

It is the desire of the Author in this publication to increase the interest for, and promote the study of, the Rural Scenery of England, with all its endearing associations, its amenities, and even in its most simple localities; England, with her climate of more than vernal freshness, in whose summer skies "of thousand liveries dight," and rich autumnal clouds, the observer of Nature may daily watch her endless varieties of effect. *"Multa vident Pictores in imminetia et in umbris qua nos non videmus."*—CICERO.

But, perhaps, it is in its professional character that this work may be most considered, so far as it regards the Art; its aim being to direct attention to the source of one of its most efficient principles, the "CHIAR'OSCURO OF NATURE;" to mark the influence of Light and Shadow upon Landscape, not only in its general impression and as a means of rendering a proper emphasis on the parts, but also to shew its use and power as a medium of expression, so as to note "the day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade." In some of these Subjects, an attempt has been made to arrest the more abrupt and transient appearances of the CHIAR'OSCURO OF NATURE; to shew its effect in the most striking manner; to give "to one brief moment, caught from fleeting time," a lasting and sober existence, and to render permanent many of those splendid but evanescent exhibitions, which are ever occurring in the endless varieties of Nature in her external changes.

*"Still must my partial pencil love to dwell
On the home prospect of my hermit cell;
Still must it trace (the fleeting tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live."*

The subjects of all the plates are taken from real places, and are meant particularly to characterise the Scenery of England. In their selection, a partiality has perhaps been given to those of a particular neighbourhood; but some of them may be more generally interesting, as the scenes of many of the marked historical events of our middle ages.

The Author, if he may venture to do so, entertains a hope that this work, founded on principles so legitimate, will not only find its place in the portfolio of the Artist, and be an acquisition to the Amateur, but, from the almost universal esteem in which the elegant Arts are now held, he trusts that it may prove generally acceptable.

This Work is published in Five Parts, at One Guinea each, either of which may be purchased singly. The whole consists of Twenty-two Plates, with Title and other introductory pages, price Five Guineas. The greater number of these Engravings are from the Pictures exhibited by Mr. CONSTABLE, at the Royal Academy, during the last few years: the Plates vary in length from nine to twelve inches. They have been engraved entirely under the inspection of the Author, and completed to his most sanguine expectations. To insure the whole of the Impressions being perfect, they have been printed at the house of the Engraver only, and no Prints or secondary impressions have been taken.

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